Saturday Review

August 21, 1965 25¢

"Students Abroad: India Is Centuries Away," by Mary Claire Vander Wal (See Education)

EDUCATION

WHEN FOREIGN-STUDENT SCHOLARSHIPS ARE MISUSED

By Crane Haussamen

SOVIET EDUCATION'S UNSOLVED PROBLEMS

By Harold J. Noah

BERTA HAMILTON
RD-1
NEWFANE VERMONT

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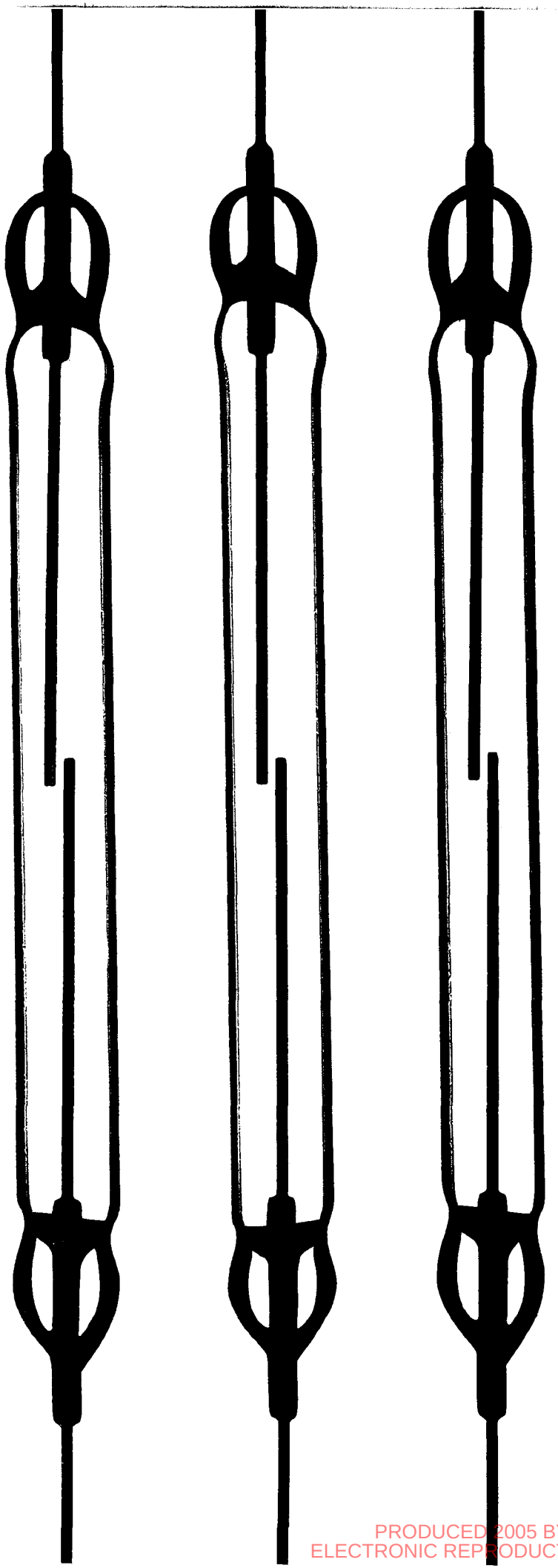

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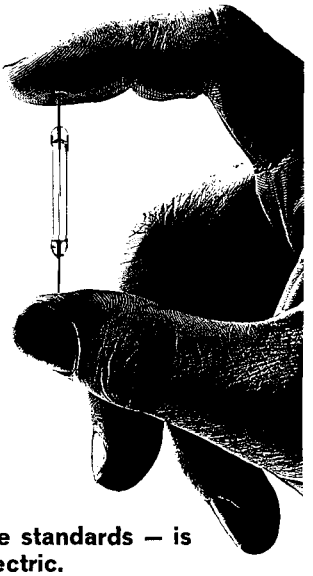

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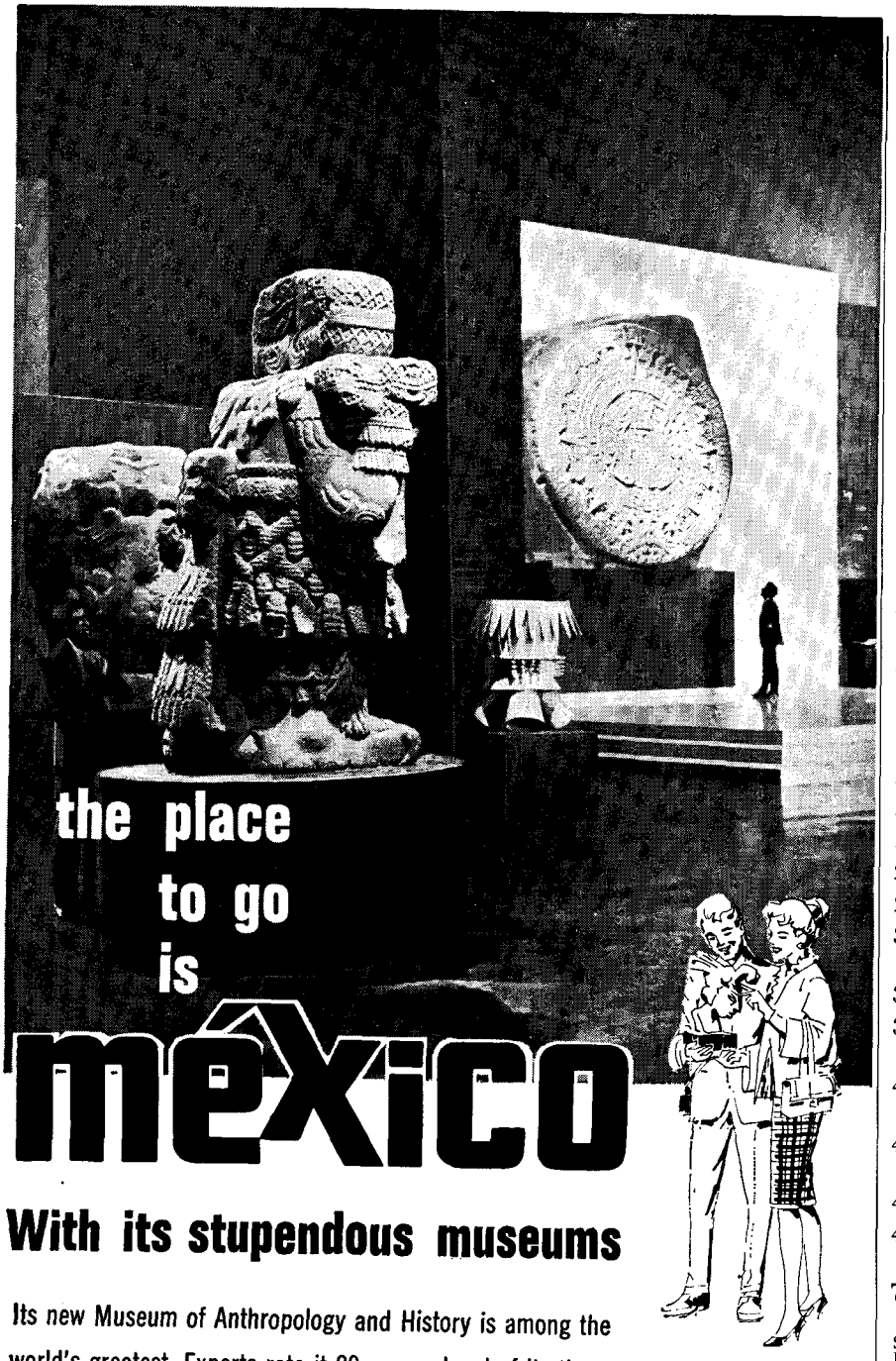

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LESS IN HERE The collection of masterpieces in the Louvre is the world's largest. But the number of reproductions appearing in the McGraw-Hill Book Company's *Encyclopedia of World Art* is far larger. This set embraces the great art of all mankind. To help people with increasing leisure enjoy art, McGraw-Hill also offers *Landmarks of the World's Art* family library, plus a history of painting through its Color Slide Program.

MORE IN HERE Bidders on state construction projects in California once had to post checks. On a $500,000 job, this might tie up $50,000. *The Daily Pacific Builder*, one of four daily construction newspapers published by McGraw-Hill's F.W. Dodge division, went to bat on this. And won. Now, a bidder posts a bond. Cost: about $500. This leaves the contractor more working capital, helps California get more bids on projects.

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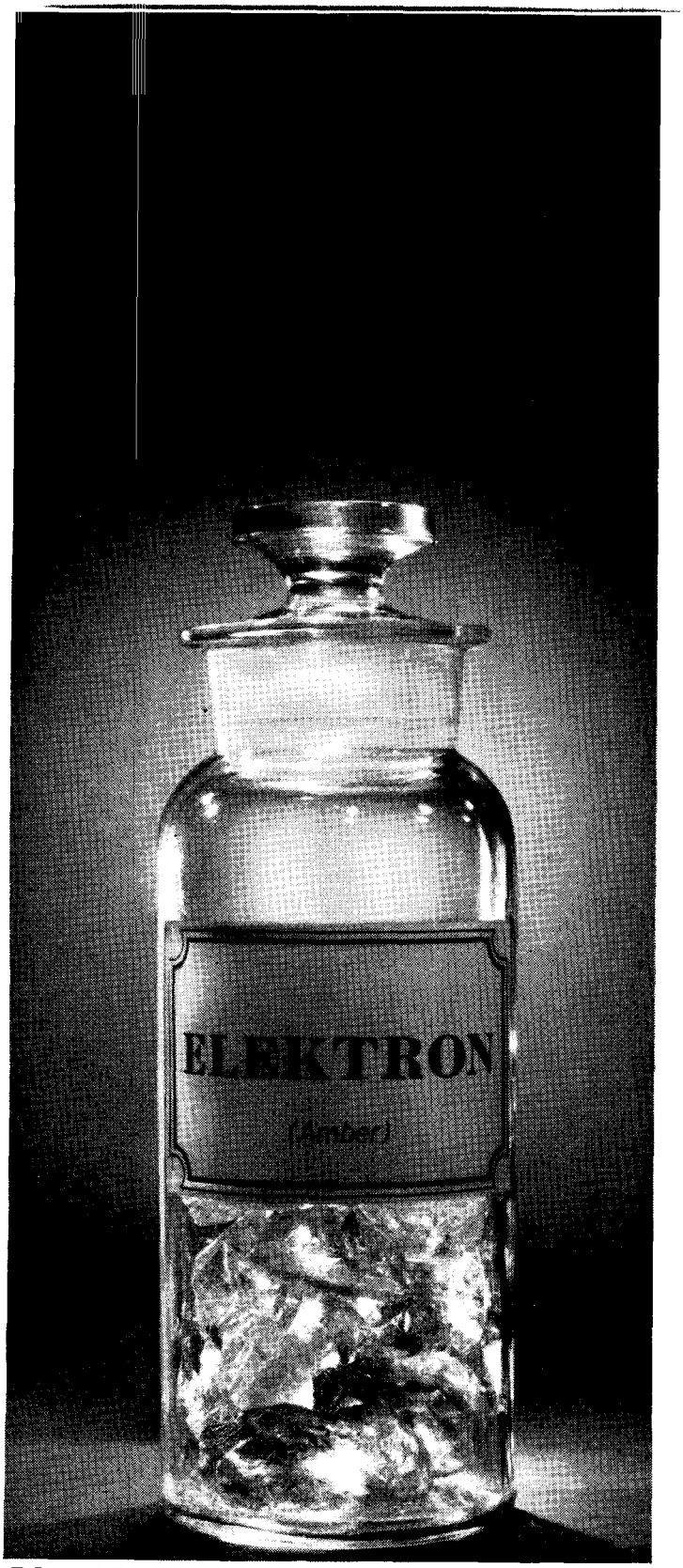
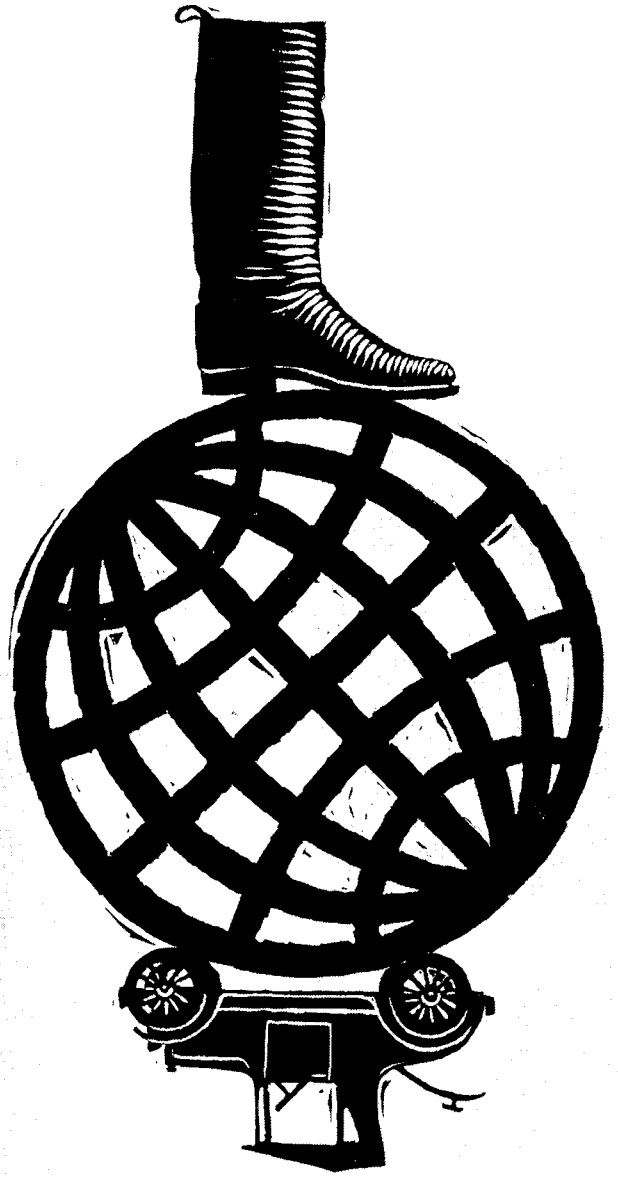


N A WORD It's not surprising that the Greeks ıad a word for it: Elektron. That's what they called .mber, because rubbing it set off static electricity. What s surprising is that, centuries later, no one had gotten ıround to naming the entire field of electronics. In April, .930, McGraw-Hill first published a magazine devoted .o the field. Its name? *Electronics*. It caught on. As a natter of plain fact, an industry took its name from it.



IN OTHER WORDS Up here, a boot is something to wear. Down under, in Australia, it's the trunk of a car. Language differences like this are one reason the McGraw-Hill Book Company set up a publishing subsidiary in Sydney. Direct market service is another. This subsidiary will publish Australian manuscripts, as well as adaptations of McGraw-Hill titles, with emphasis on elementary and high school texts.

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Edited by Martin Levin

Reflections on Water

TO ANYONE who lived in the Middle West around the turn of the century, the recent restrictions on the use of water are no great hardship. In fact, they are mere child's play. From the cradle I was trained to be thrifty with water. Not that it was metered, but the supply was limited—especially the supply in the hot water tank. On bath nights it had to be supplemented by kettles of water carried up from the kitchen.

This was such a nuisance that we usually took tub baths only once a week in the winter and twice a week in the summer. Some of my little country cousins got themselves sewed into their union suits in the autumn and ripped out in the spring. But the girls perfumed themselves with vanilla extract and always smelled sweet.

I grew up in what might be called an amphibious era—the transition period between outdoor and indoor plumbing. Our first toilet was as temperamental as Maria Callas. When flushed, it would snarl and spit like an enraged tiger. Then it would shudder with a vibration that could be felt all over the house. And for half an hour thereafter you could hear it muttering to itself. There was no doubt about what it thought of the human race—and not without reason. Yet sometimes in the middle of the night I distinctly heard it sobbing, and I suspect that it was not so much ill-tempered as lonely. It was the only one in the neighborhood at the time.

In the interest of water conservation (and general peace and quiet) we used it no more than was absolutely necessary, and followed the rules of parliamentary procedure by never pulling the chain until we had a quorum.

Consequently when I came to New York and saw unlimited water flowing free from every tap, bubbling from innumerable fountains, and cascading through the streets, it seemed to me a wicked extravagance—and it still does. Though I now conform to the custom of a daily shower, I haven't forgotten what brought on the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. It wasn't Gibbon; it was all those elaborate, enervating Roman baths.

And the reckless abandon with which New Yorkers flush the toilet still appalls me. (I know, because I live in a modern apartment house with wall-to-wall acoustics.) Where once would have been enough, some of them pull the chain a couple of times before and a couple of times after. Just a bunch of four-flushers, that's all.

—WEARE HOLBROOK.

Water Logged

Youth Opportunity Unlimited

MOST high school dropouts are out of work because they don't know where to look for the kind of jobs they could handle. The average dropout, while buying his weekly copy of the *National Enquirer*, may also pick up a copy of the *New York Times*, hoping to spot something under "Boys," "Young Men," or "Trainees," that pays enough to keep him in tight pants and hair spray. Unfortunately, he runs into this kind of thing:

"BOYS—CLERKS, H.S. Diploma Only." "BOY FRIDAYS, H.S. Grads, Nite Students OK." "CLERK, Figure experience, knowledge of calculator. Send details in own handwriting." "SHIPPING CLERK, experienced."

All these jobs require either experience or learning. "Aw, nobody needs me except Murray the K," the dropout mutters, and another skirmish in the war on poverty has been lost.

Someone ought to tell these kids about the employment opportunities advertised in *The Wall Street Journal*. None mentions a high school diploma, and few list qualifications of any kind.

An ad for "VICE PRESIDENT—FINANCE," for instance, simply states that the successful applicant "have the capability and breadth to function as a key member of our top management policy group." Any fat leader of the Underachievers Social and Athletic Club ought to qualify for that one, as well as for "DIRECTOR—TRADE RELATIONS, proficient in making top level contacts." The only requirement for "CONSUMER RESEARCH EXECUTIVE," is that "you feel limited in your present position." If two years of sitting on a stoop isn't limiting, what is? An ad headed "EXECUTIVE OPPORTUNITY" says only that the job hunter should have "initiative, self-reliance, a desire for independence, and be accustomed to compensation in excess of $25,000." All a kid would have to do is drive up for the interview in a stolen Cadillac.

The really big jobs in the *Journal* are for "Presidents." I assume these ads are placed by Boards of Directors or by disgruntled employees who chip in a few cents apiece.

In recent issues there have been Help-Wanted for: "PRESIDENT—HEALTH ORGANIZATION," "PRESIDENT—$100,000 A YEAR," "PRESIDENT, SPECIALTY FOODS, $50,000," "PRESIDENT—METAL PRODUCTS, CANADA," "PRESIDENT, HEAVY IND'L MACHINERY, $100,000," and "MANAGING DIRECTOR, ENGLAND—$50,000 AREA." About all any of them spell out in the way of qualifications is that the man for the job be healthy, active, aggressive, and know how to make mergers. If dropouts answered these ads, they'd find a constructive, profitable outlet for their "bopping" talents, and keep the streets safe for the rest of us.

—LOU D'ANGELO.

You Can't Tell a Cover By Its Book

I AM emboldened by the initiative of George Finster in protesting the review of his book by Arthur Snide [PHOENIX NEST, July 24]. I therefore enter a polite complaint about the review of my own book by Dr. Vehrvase. I am pleased that Dr. Vehrvase liked my book, *Midnight in Madras*, but I am reluctant to have people read it for the reasons he gives. In fact, I am somewhat embarrassed because the hero of my book is not an Ecuadorian monk who believes in technocracy, as Dr. Vehrvase says, but a Guru who has revolutionary ideas about Yoga. There is also the matter of chronology and politics. The hero of my book went to Oxford in 1922 and not to Praldaya University in 1952. Moreover, my Guru never became a member of the Latin American Felicitas Party—not because he opposed independence but because he was a citizen of Madras and it was not a matter of direct concern. Dr. Vehrvase makes the slight error of describing the central character of my book as a mountain sage who conceived of a scientific approach to industrialization, whereas Raj Koomar never traveled more than three miles from his village near Madras. There are various other comparable errors. As I say, I am delighted that Dr. Vehrvase recommends my book so highly but I cannot in good conscience accept his praise. The only possible explanation I can conceive of—although I am sure this is far-fetched—is that Dr. Vehrvase may have been disadvantaged by the slip-up in manufacture that caused several hundred paper jackets for *Hegira in Ecuador* to be placed on my book.

—CULL PEPPER.

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He was big, mean, tough. No wonder kids love him.

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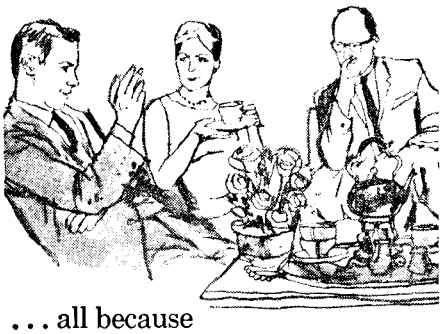
Now my friends listen when I talk



. . . all because
I've become a regular reader of
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"Now my friends listen attentively to what I have to say – and actually seek my opinion on subjects as varied as politics, books, scientific discoveries, TV, theater, art, fashions, household problems, economics.

"I also get so much from the regular features in The Observer, such as *The Week in Washington, A Chat With the Doctor, The Sports Observer, How's Business?* and *Current Events Classroom*. And there's always a wry smile and a chuckle or two in *Grass Roots Philosophy*. (A favorite of mine: 'Education is what's left over after you've forgotten the facts!') The *Reflections* column is a delight, too – particularly bits of nostalgia such as, 'Remember the days when a pocket watch was a major status symbol?'

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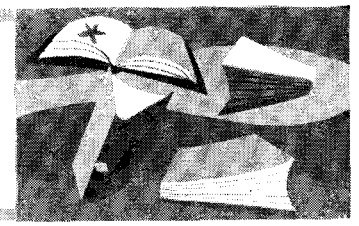
Trade Winds



At night, when the fog lies heavy on Martha's Vineyard, the cliffs of Gay Head are visited, so they say, by an ancient woman who carries her head under her arm. And some two score miles away, on the moors of Chappaquiddick, they say you are likely to hear a faint and tremulous voice in the wind, "Nothing at allll . . . nothing at allll!" This, one is told, is the voice of a withered mariner of centuries ago who was killed by a stake through his heart, and never properly buried.

Neither of these occurrences, however, strikes much terror into the hearts of the 34,000 visitors who make a summer pilgrimage to the turtle-shaped island lying so placidly off the shores of Cape Cod. With Gay Head at its nose and Chappaquiddick at its tail, this graceful sea turtle stirs up nothing but affection in its visitors and inhabitants. And it's not hard to see why. In an age when progress is on the march almost everywhere, Martha's Vineyard remains much as it was when the great whaling vessels sailed its waters.

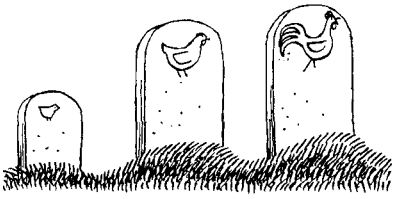
From Edgartown to Vineyard Haven, the island is steeped in the salty tradition of whaling days. Its neighbor Nantucket, also known for its whaling prowess, once smarted under the indignity that its harbor was not deep enough for the bigger whaling ships, which had to be sent to Edgartown for final outfitting. To take the edge off their indignity, the Nantucket whaling men referred to Edgartown as "Turkey Town," an unkind reminder that the Vineyard's turkey was nothing more than herring. A street fight would start quicker than a September squall if a Nantucket visitor were brash enough to imitate the sound of a turkey gobble.

Herman Melville's real-life whaling captain lived here, a Captain Valentine Pease, erroneously thought to be the inspiration for Captain Ahab. Melville's daughter, in fact, bought the old Pease place in Edgartown, discovering later that it belonged to her father's captain.

The people of the island are, and have been, wry, witty, kind, and testy. On his hundredth birthday a whaling man sat up in bed, raised his harpoon arm, and said: "I could still strike a powerful blow!" A lady from West Tisbury wrote poetry, and had gravestones inscribed for her chickens when they died. An elderly gentleman of the island once offered his future heirs their legacy in advance if they would give him 12½ per cent of the money, and tradition has it that if you removed one face of his headstone, you would find the inscription:

> Here lies old 12½ per cent,
> The more he saved, the less he spent.
> The less he spent, the more he craved—
> Oh, Lord, can Ichabod be saved?

Hawthorne, in his *Chipping with a Chisel*, tells of a stonecutter completing an epitaph: "I was raised to life and action by the force of vegetation, and



return to the same source." Asked by Hawthorne if this were not perpetuating atheism, the old cutter told him to mind his own business—it was all in the course of his trade.

Modern life on the island is for the most part simple and tasteful, except for the rash of cocktail parties and weekend guests. One hostess, describing a weekend, said: "The weather was lovely—the wind at ten to fifteen, with guests up to fifty knots."

Combining the best of the old and new is the *Vineyard Gazette*, regarded by many as one of the nation's leading newspapers. Founded in 1846 by Edgar Marchant, the *Gazette* has become much more than a local paper through the efforts of Henry Beetle Hough and his wife Elizabeth Bowie, who took over the paper in 1920. Both had been students at the Columbia School of Journalism, but they almost immediately threw away the book. They demanded *feeling* in the pages of the paper, "throwing away the myths of objectivity," as Mrs. Hough once put it, calling the *Gazette* "a refuge from having to face facts." Together they have made it a crusading paper, "against cruelty, against injustice, against impositions on the minds of men and women."

Today Mr. Hough sits alone at his cluttered roll-top desk, for Mrs. Hough died last month after a long illness. The staff will tell you that her spirit is still evident everywhere, and the *Gazette* continues with its crusades, its frank-

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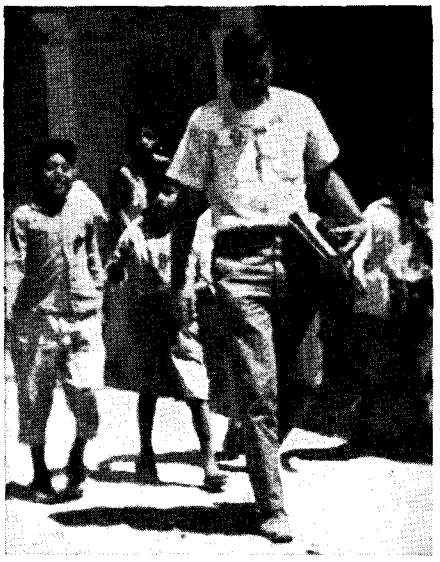

One day, he'll be a legend in San Bartolomé, Mexico

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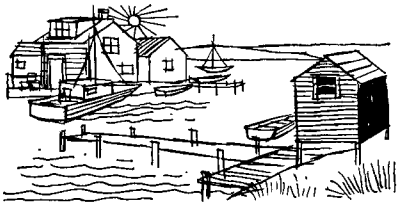
ness, its color, its wit and humor. Even the advertisements reflect these qualities: "The Scottish Bakehouse—State Road, right hand side going west, after you mount the long hill beyond Tashmoo." Or: "Chilmark Chandlery—Everything in the way of boat gear and fishing tackle, for fresh, salt, or carbonated water."

Phil Roberts and Joseph Chase Allen have been going strong in the pages since the Twenties, the latter packing the saltiest writing fist on the island. Little, Brown will so testify this winter when they publish his book tentatively titled *The Wheelhouse Loafer*. He pounds out between five and ten thousand words a week on two old typewriters, each column brimming with nautical references.



Richard Lindabury, former editorial writer and poetry editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, writes of a simple modern-day sailing race with the lyrical zest of an Elizabethan poet: "An unnatural peace hung over the Quitsa races," he writes. "The sky was perhaps too blue, the swamp azaleas too fragrant for any serious mayhem to be planned. . . ."

The Vineyard, these August days, continues to be reflected in the pages of the *Gazette* with a vibrant warmth, but the clouds that darken all places of natural beauty are on the horizon. Commercialism threatens the moors and beaches here, as it threatens nature everywhere, and the *Gazette* is reinforcing its crusade to keep the flavor and charm that is so easily destroyed by thoughtlessness and banality. The paper's hope, along with that of all the others who know the island, is to keep it as the late Elizabeth Bowie Hough saw it when she first arrived: "So white, so blue, so golden . . . so neat, so clean, frilled with the hues of fall flowers and growing grass." —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 1636)

FRANKLIN RUSSELL:

ARGEN, THE GULL

Gulls used the wind to force them to the water. They rose equally quickly, with fish. The sharply rising and falling birds, despite their industry, screamed incessantly. But the instant the last fish disappeared, the adult gulls settled and were still.

SOVIET BOMBERS SEEN NEAR HANOI

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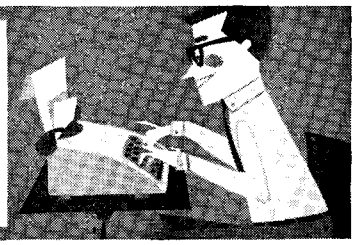
Top of My Head



Film Flam

WHEN I WAS a kid we used to go to the movies, only we called it the nickelodeon. Now we go to the two-dollar or two-dollar-and-a-half-odeon. And that's not the admission to only the Broadway picture palaces. The neighborhood first-run houses also charge $2 or $2.50.

The hikes in admissions all began back a few years when the first Brigitte Bardot pictures began coming over here and were shown in neighborhood movie houses first run. Brigitte Bardot—or BB, as she was more intimately known to her movie fans—was asking quite a chunk of the profits for her revealing films—so much so that some of the neighborhood house owners were beginning to talk about throwing in the towel if she insisted on this high percentage. But Brigitte held firmly to it—to both the price and the towel.

Evidently BB diagnosed the id of the American filmgoer a little more accurately than did the movie owners. The price was paid gladly by a long line of ticket buyers. Soon it became the standard price for entertainment that Irving Berlin describes in his song about show business as "all that the traffic will allow."

In my day of going to nickelodeons there arose another BB who hiked the movie admission pirce. This BB hiked it 100 per cent—from a nickel to a dime. That BB was Broncho Billy—Broncho Billy Anderson, the Tom Mix of the Stone Age. In one fell swoop, to my chagrin, the price went from a nickel to a dime. This made quite a dent in my bankroll since I had an allowance of 10 cents for a week's entertainment.

The 10 cents was usually divided between 5 cents for the movie and 5 cents for refreshment. It didn't take a computer to tell me I was in deep trouble, as anybody up to the age of ten can verify. A whole way of life had been destroyed by this first encounter with inflation.

The refreshment consisted of an ice-cream soda, either before or after the movie. Of course this was in the days of the 5-cent ice-cream soda, in the days when they didn't build an ice cream soda like a battleship with a gob of whipped cream on the topsail and the admiral's flag embedded in the foam, with a maraschino cherry staring at you while you sipped it. It was just a plain ice-cream soda, some syrup, a fizz of seltzer, and a dip of ice cream.

In later moviegoing days the soda became a bag of popcorn, which also was a nickel. Popcorn became standard equipment in the movie houses to keep the movie fan's mind off the quality of early pictures. And movie-house owners of those days have confided that the worse the picture the more popcorn was consumed. It's the old story of compulsive eating and its relation to unhappiness.

For many years movies and popcorn went together like Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky. I finally kicked the habit, however, when I discovered that my wife, who always became emotionally involved in the movie, was wiping the butter from her fingers on my trousers.

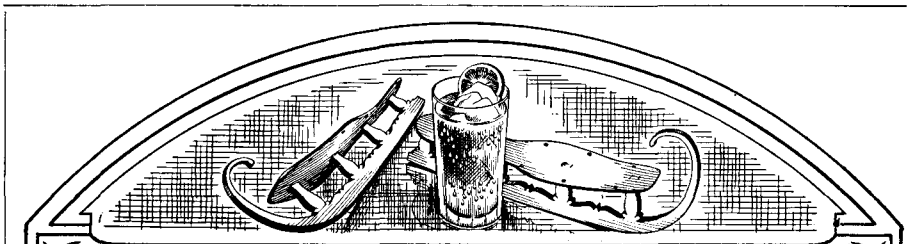
But recently I was alone in Chicago, and with an evening to kill I was persuaded by the hotel doorman to go to a movie theater to see the Liston-Clay championship fight, which was being shown closed-circuit from Maine.

As I entered the crowded lobby of the large theater I was struck by a nostalgic aroma. The scent led me to a popcorn stand. My trousers were safe so I bought popcorn. It was being sold in fancy cardboard buckets—the small one 30 cents; double that size, 50 cents. With an eye for bargains and since this was a fight for the championship, I foolishly bought the large bucket and wended my way to my seat in the loge.

Two kernels later the fight was over. I hadn't seen it. I was busy spreading my handkerchief across my trousers as

a napkin. Then suddenly they showed a re-run in slow motion. The re-run in slow motion didn't take any longer than the original.

So there I was walking back to my hotel with a 50-cent bucket of popcorn that had hardly been touched. But that's the way things went that night. The championship fighters had hardly been touched either. —GOODMAN ACE.



What exhilarating summer activity did the 18th century English enjoy on the ice?

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Saturday Review
August 21, 1965

The Coming Revolution in Literature

Behind the American writer's new-found status and his changing view of society can be discerned the first signs of a new kind of writing

By HARVEY SWADOS

I BELIEVE that the attitude of American society toward the writer is changing. Partially in consequence, I believe that the attitude of the writer toward his society is also changing. The first consideration, the attitude of society, seems to me primarily a sociological matter. The second, the attitude of the writer, is primarily a "literary" matter, but here, too, I would insist that it has its social aspects.

In the nineteenth century, even during the period when the nation's greatest writers were producing their enduring masterpieces, this was not a hospitable place for artists of any kind. Most of the financially successful writers were women whose names we would not even recognize today, and most of their readers were leisure-class women, for whom novel-reading was a pastime to fill otherwise empty hours—a phenomenon that has persisted down into our own time. Serious writers found themselves regarded, when they were regarded at all, as very odd birds indeed. Almost everyone, in short, was busy making money, and it was not until everything came crashing down in the 1930s and the writers had come home, broke, from self-imposed exile, that Americans and particularly their leaders in Washington began to consider that intellectuals and writers might have something of value to contribute to a society in a state of near-collapse.

If this seemed a temporary phenomenon during the postwar boom and the Eisenhower-McCarthy era, it is one that has reappeared in more recent years, and there are some substantial reasons for it. Education has become big business in America. The college diploma, once a prime symbol of middle- or upper-class status, has become all but a necessity for gainful employment of a worthwhile nature.

It is quite possible, it is true, to get through college and obtain a degree without reading many books, and certainly without encountering any living writers. But at least there is more of a likelihood of hearing certain names uttered—and occasionally with respect—on a college campus than in a poolroom or a bar. Inevitably, the rising educational level among the American people, an irreversible phenomenon, brings in its wake a rising respect for the products of the mind.

This is one substantial reason for the increasing seriousness with which American society regards its writers. There are others, like the late Kennedy Administration's emphasis on culture, but all, including the political, are largely related to the zoom in the number of secondary school and college students.

Affluent book publishers, bidding against each other for established writers, hunting for new writers (black as well as white, for the lesson of James Baldwin's best-sellerdom has not been lost on them)—these too have not been without effect upon the middle- and upper-class community. The young man who announces to his family that he wishes to become a writer rather than a broker, a poet rather than an engineer, a playwright rather than a salesman, is far less likely to be thrown out of the house than he would have been a generation or two ago.

He is also less likely to starve. If there is still no stable audience eager for his books at $5 or $6 a copy, there are magazine editors ready to solicit him for his views on politics, movies, travel, baseball—and sometimes even to buy his fiction, for the mass circulation magazines, too, have been driven to raise their sights by an ever more sophisticated, college-educated reading public.

What is more, there is likely to be a refuge for the writer, while he is learning his craft, in one of those colleges and universities whose enrolment continues to skyrocket, and whose English departments are now willing to give due credit for publication in periodicals less specialized than the scholarly journals. If he is established, if he is an Ellison or a Bellow, he is likely to find the colleges and the universities bidding against each other for his very presence on their campuses. And this in turn, by the simplest of circular processes, reinforces the prestige in the community at large of the writer as professor, rather than as beatnik, bum, agitator, or exile.

It is still a fact that most Americans read nothing but newspapers and a magazine or two; that only a tiny handful of American creative artists can feed themselves and their families on the proceeds of their work; that no more than three or four of them can be said to have any contact with or influence on the American community at large. Nevertheless, it would be disingenuous to deny that, as I have attempted to indicate, the situation is changing.

SO, too, is the attitude of the writer to his society. If America was a bad joke to those writers of the Twenties who exiled themselves or mocked at its inanities from their City Room sanctuaries in Chicago or Baltimore, it became the object of a love affair to the writers of the Thirties. Sometimes these writers were the very same people, but their attitudes were very different; they discovered that this was a beautiful land, that its traditions were those of freedom and rebelliousness, and that its people, black and white, farmer and city worker, were

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Harvey Swados is the author of eight books. His most recent is *A Story for Teddy*, reviewed in last week's *SR*. He is now at work on a novel.

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noble, patient, long-suffering, and badly exploited by the tiny minority who ruled them.

The war brought a tempering of this literary patriotism rather than an intensification of it, as writers in uniform discovered that their fellow Americans were often backward, bigoted, unlettered, uninterested in the defeat of Fascism, much less in making a revolution. Particularly from the new generation of novelists came book-length expressions of horror and disgust at the image of the America they encountered in the barracks as a horrible revelation.

By the 1950s the disenchantment was as complete as it had been thirty years earlier. The peculiarly miserable combination of lazy self-satisfaction and venomous chicanery that marked the Eisenhower-McCarthy era drove the American novelist into one of several positions—in some cases he utilized the grotesqueries of American life in the fat and fearful Fifties as a backdrop for the picaresque adventures of his rogue-hero; in others he turned his back on the whole ugly mess, renounced all of its values, and quite simply cut out—either spiritually or physically or both.

Perhaps at this point I should be specific, since I am speaking of the immediate predecessors of the young new writers of the Sixties. I remember writing, with considerable excitement, in a review of Saul Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March*, that this was a truly ground-breaking book, that it would show the way to a whole new generation of writers. I think that time has proved the truth of that enthusiastic prediction, even though, to my mind at least, none of those who have since deserted the more formally structured novel for the looser picaresque mode have done so with anything like the success that Bellow achieved in his remarkable novel.

As for those who cut out, I am thinking of course of the Beats. It is my feeling that while the achievement of Kerouac and the others associated with the movement has been of slight importance (in fiction if not in poetry), their *attitude* has been of considerable significance. What they did succeed in demonstrating, in their life as much as in their work, was that it was not necessary to sign up in the Establishment, join up in the corporation, buy all the cant that passed for serious thinking—the slop that passed for culture, the garbage that passed for statesmanship—and that even in the absence of radical political currents, it was possible to swim against the stream, to turn one's back on a swinish society . . . and somehow to survive.

So far in the Sixties, as I have not been the first to observe, the leading tendency in American fiction has been one which is loosely labeled black humor, or the comic novel—surely a misnomer, since most examples of the genre that I have sampled have not been particularly comical, or even funny. I should prefer to call it the "wild" novel, since it is usually characterized by a series of disconnected incidents that could more readily be thought of as wild than as comic, and it is usually peopled by figures who are also usually wild, free-floating, and physically or spiritually grotesque.

It seems fairly clear that these novels, from *Catch-22* to whatever the latest example may be (they are now coming out in an endless stream), derive literarily from Bellow on the one hand and from the Beats on the other, and that socially they represent a kind of cultural lag, a delayed reaction to the stupidities and horrors of the Second World War, as well as to the idiocies of the postwar era. What they seem to be saying—those that have anything to say at all—is that in a ridiculous and hideous world, one in which millions of Jews were cold-bloodedly slaughtered and thousands of other human beings were blown to pieces or incinerated by hellish new bombs, the United States is as ludicrous as any spot on earth. That in the face of the stupidities, inanities, and obscenities of our countrymen, all one can do is bay at the moon.

This would be all very well if what were called for, in an era of prolonged reaction, were a fictional restatement of disaffiliation from a hopelessly rotten and moribund society. But I submit that in the 1960s, disaffiliation converted into a nihilist pose by an author's determination to gain popularity by mocking at *everything* is no longer appropriate. And that is why, despite the temporary best-seller status of some of these books, they have no more to tell us about ourselves than do, say, the French anti-novels, those finicking collections of words about minute alterations in perceptions and states of being that are supposedly more scientific and hence more accurate descriptions of reality than the great fiction of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, now presumably outdated.

For the basic truth about our time is not, it seems to me, that it is one of oppressive stagnation so hopeless that a corrosive nihilism is a civilized and reasonable reaction on the part of a sensitive man. It is rather that this is a time of explosive change without parallel in human history. What we have seen demonstrated in recent years, what we are seeing at this very moment, is that people will not submit indefinitely to oppression or to stagnation or to the threat of annihilation. There does exist in man, no matter how we tend to disbelieve it in periods of reaction, an ineradicable yearning to be free; and in this time of explosive change, revolution after revolution is sweeping the world:

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technological revolution, social revolution, racial revolution.

It does not follow that there exists a clearly defined "task" for the writer, much less that such a task should involve the concoction of jolly uplifting fables about a brighter tomorrow. But it does follow, I do believe, that much of what is being produced nowadays by American writers who see the world as ludicrous, meaningless, or absurd, and by extension as simply grotesque and comical, is in itself of no particular relevance to the rest of us who live in that world and experience it very differently.

For, need I add, the world that has produced the hydrogen bomb has also produced thousands upon thousands of active protestors and demonstrators against continued testing and against world terror. The bomb still exists, it has been used by America to destroy hundreds of thousands of human beings, it may yet be used to destroy us all; but testing has stopped, there is a *détente* of sorts, and we proceed, all of us (except for lunatics who must still be brought under control), on the assumption that we are not going to blow each other up. And, need I add, the world that has produced Nazism, genocide, and the unspeakable holocaust visited upon European Jewry, has also produced Israel, a renewed consciousness of their historical identity on the part of the Jews who were not destroyed, and a very belated but nonetheless genuine beginning of an attempt to grapple with the terrible complexities of the ethical problems raised by the holocaust—as witness the international controversy aroused by the Eichmann trial and by *The Deputy* and by their polemical aftermaths. The numbness of the Fifties has been succeeded by the questing of the Sixties.

What is more, a continuous revolution of the oppressed and the degraded is sweeping every continent without exception. Driven from Asia, the outposts of empire still raise the flag in only a few last-ditch corners of Africa. Nor have the Russians been immune. Poznan, East Berlin, and Budapest have already warned them of what lies in store if they do not let down the barriers and allow the winds of freedom to blow. As for the Americans, we need not peer at Latin America, we need not go beyond our own borders to smell the odor of revolution in Montgomery, Greenwood, New York, and Washington, D. C.

I have no wish to be oracular or righteous. I have no wish to prescribe the tone or temper that any of my fellow writers should adopt. What I am saying is that, as a reader as well as a writer, I react with deep suspicion to writing that seems the product of a fashion, a cashing-in on what is said to be the *dernier cri*. Inevitably, it seems to me, fashions in writing must lag behind the reality that the reader himself is apprehending. Once again, however, I must pause in order to make it quite clear that I am not calling for a literature that attempts to compete with the five-star final or the eleven o'clock news. What I do seek is a literature that evidences a spirit aware of the life of our time, not just of the fashion of our time, a spirit attuned to the temper of our age, not the temper of the day before yesterday—which, in the tempo of this age, might as well be that of the pre-Civil War era.

IN point of fact, the writer who is most sharply, painfully, gloriously aware of what is going on about him in the world even as he writes, all alone, may very well be concerning himself with the life of a bygone age, or with a fictional examination not of the immediate present—which is generally beyond the grasp of the imaginative writer—but of the roots of that present, of the past from which it sprang.

It should not be surprising, therefore, that some of the most interesting writers in recent years should be those who have proceeded to such an examination, unencumbered by any felt necessity to write what would be hailed as chic or modish in the reviewing media, and that a disproportionate number of the new voices comes from the Jewish and Negro minorities. Their people have suffered more, they themselves have more to say, and—thanks to the factors I have already discussed—there is a growing public for their work and in consequence there are publishers and producers ready to back them and bring out their work. As I listen to their voices, it seems to me that they are speaking of both past and present, of a past filled with torment and glory, of a present at best troubled and at worst terrifying.

It is already apparent that we are going to witness a substantial movement of new Negroes, liberated from ignorance, self-underestimation, and self-depreciation, into the fields of poetry, drama, and fiction. We do not as yet have the full measure, however, of what these young intellectuals will be able to accomplish, liberated from the stultification of ghetto education, and exposed to the burgeoning universities with their writers-in-residence and their individual cultural boomlets. Already the eagerness with which their work is awaited is such that, speaking parenthetically, if I were a young Negro writer making my first submissions to editors and publishers, I would be wary of those who mistakenly deem it a part of the civil rights crusade—and of good business as well—to extend the notion of preferential treatment into the literary or cultural arena. For ultimately the writer is a writer, no matter what else he may be, and the staying power of his work will manifest itself in its innate quality and not in such extraneous if momentarily modish matters as his religious ancestry or his skin tone.

I said a moment ago that the suffering of the Negro and Jewish minorities has provided the fertile soil from which talent has sprung. It ought to be noted, I think, that among the more fortunate talents of both groups, particularly among the Jewish middle-class writers, the suffering has often been vicarious, experienced so to speak at second hand. In such cases one of the triggering emotions may very well be guilt—and this is a phenomenon familiar to anyone who has ever been involved in a war: the civilian feels guilty that he is not in uniform, the home-front soldier feels guilty that he is not overseas, the rear-echelon soldier feels guilty that he is not in combat, the combat soldier feels guilty that he has not been hurt, the wounded soldier feels guilty that he is still alive. I need hardly labor the point, I trust, with regard to those Negroes fortunate enough to grow up outside the Deep South or the confines of the northern ghettoes, or for those Jews who were fortunate enough to escape the Nazi killers or who lived, like American Jewry, beyond their grasp, and in some instances—irony of ironies—profited from

"Stop moving your tail and smile."

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the war in which others gave their lives to rescue the living remnant from the extermination camps. All I need say, I think, is that, being human, I too have felt the sting of that guilt.

There are, of course, a multitude of factors that drive men to write, in our society as well as in others. What I am trying to do here is to isolate those factors that operate specifically in our heterogeneous, explosively changing culture, as distinct from those at work in a more stable, tradition-bound society, and from those presumably operative universally, such as the desire to gain immortality, to be attractive to women, to be rich, and so on. If I am at all correct in the assumption that, because of changes in our social structure, commanding positions on our literary front are in the process of being taken over by writers of the new generation coming from minority groups hitherto only marginally represented in the constellation dominated by Hemingways, Faulkners, Fitzgeralds, Frosts, Pounds, Eliots, Whartons, Jameses, Londons, Cranes, Norrises, Dreisers, Twains, Howellses, Dickinsons, Melvilles, Hawthornes, and Thoreaus—white Anglo-Saxon Protestants one and all—if I am at all correct in this—then it follows that American literature in the years immediately ahead will be the product of men often driven to write by anguish at the fate of their brothers.

Great works have been created under the whip of guilt. They have been created, too, with the inspiration of compassion and hope. They have even been created out of hatred, but—and this I would insist upon—not very often. For hatred—not rage, but hatred—is more sterile than nihilism and more self-destructive of the creative impulse. A literature cannot be grounded in hate. Perhaps a politics can, but not one that I would care to associate myself with. The hate politics of the recent past was Fascism, and the hate politics of the present is grounded in fear—of the technological revolution, the social revolution, the racial revolution.

And besides, literature is not politics, nor can it become the willing weapon or easy tool of any politics. If we Americans learned nothing else, we should have learned that from the literary history of the 1930s.

That was the decade during which a revolution was often talked about and argued for—particularly among literary people—but never took place. This, however, is a decade during which a revolution just as much talked about *is* taking place. In consequence the young writer of the Sixties is going to find it twice as hard as the young writer of the Thirties to determine what part of him is a writer—which means just what it always has in terms of unremitting concentration on work which may seem to have no relation to life-and-death matters—and what part of him is a politician—which means today a revolutionist.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"This is the age of specialization. We can't consider a Jack of all trades like Leonardo for an important project like this."

In the summer of 1961 I wrote, in the introduction to a collection of my essays called *A Radical's America*, "In our country the Jew has moved from a marginal position to one of centrality. In the next generation it may very well be the Negro, the tenth American, who will come to be regarded by many of his fellow citizens—and by many around the world—not necessarily as Presidential timber (that old Jewish gag is already much too old, even for Irish politicians) but as the most typical American."

It is my feeling today that this typicality will come to be true not just for the Negro as American, but for the Negro writer as American writer. Generation after generation of American writers has seen its obligation as one of discovering a past for its people, of inventing mythic heroes for a people who started with none. The Europeans, we may remember, were for a long time amused by the ridiculous presumptuousness on the part of the semi-barbaric Americans in thinking that they could create a culture that would go beyond hog-calling and the manufacture of cuspidors. It was not until our own lifetime that Europe could finally bring itself to concede, not only that America was capable of creating a culture, but that in truth it had already demonstrated in fiction and painting, music and architecture, that its vitality and originality had outstripped Europe's.

There is an interesting parallel here, it seems to me, between the case of the American artist as viewed by his European critics and that of the Negro artist as viewed by his American critics. It was granted, in fact it was insisted, patronizingly by the white supremacists, that all Negroes had a sense of rhythm, "a natural sense of rhythm" I think was the way they liked to put it, and that their contribution to culture was a primitive Afro-American music known as jazz. The idea that a Negro might prefer the cello to the tenor sax, that he might as readily compose a sonata as a blues song, that he might in fact not be musical at all, came very hard to the white man who cherished his stereotypes. And of course we have still not arrived at the point where the Negro gains acceptance not as a Negro artist but as an artist.

We have not arrived there, but we are getting there. That is what is new, what is contemporary in American life—the multiracial society, coming as a product of the racial revolution. Its consequences not just for the Negro writer, but for all American writers, are incalculable. Of one thing I think we can be sure: it will mark the end of that sense of powerlessness which has oppressed us since the Nazi death camps and the dropping of the Bomb. Young men and women are demonstrating that they can work civic wonders with the power of their own spirits. They are demonstrating that life is not meaningless or absurd, but wonderfully valuable. They are demonstrating that by believing and willing they can inspire others, and so change the world.

There is the new source of inspiration, not just for Negro writers but for all writers. And for the next generation of writers in a multiracial society, freed from the wasteful necessity of deciding what it means to be white, to be black, to be whatever, or of struggling for things that will then be taken for granted, there will be, as a product of this racial revolution, a whole world of stories, legends, and myths, replete with heroes, heroines, and great deeds to equal those of any people in the dark, bloody, and glorious history of mankind.

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Yankee Please Stay

AMERICANS abroad have so often been advised to go home that recent news stories about the overseas exploits of two ex-G.I.'s, Kenneth Baldwin and Hugh F. Downey, have come as a refreshing surprise.

Private Baldwin's field of operations was a small fishing village in Turkey. An Army volunteer from Ithaca, New York, Baldwin had been named the outstanding soldier of his regiment and was subsequently sent to Turkey to serve with an Army communications center in Ankara. After a few exemplary years there, he was finally caught selling to a Turkish civilian a tape recorder purchased at an Army PX store.

This display of entrepreneurial zeal outraged both the Army and the Turkish government. The Army promptly sentenced him to a deferred dishonorable discharge. And the Turkish government sentenced him to ten months in a Turkish jail, to be followed by two years' banishment to Kusadasi, a tiny village on the timekept Ionian coast of Turkey. In view of Ionia's ancient, historic associations, a punishment so antique and biblical-sounding as banishment somehow seemed condign.

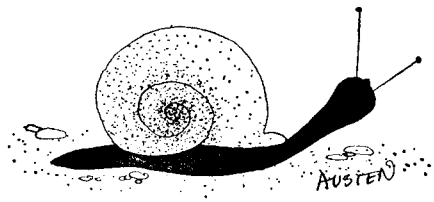
Having served his jail term, Private Baldwin last year descended on Kusadasi fully expecting to encounter another ancient Ionian punishment, ostracism. But instead the villagers proved friendly and understanding. "That I appreciated," he later said. "Soon I began to see ways I could be useful to individuals and the town as a whole. . . ."

"Useful" was the word. In quick succession, Private Baldwin organized an English class (his students included the police commissioner, to whom he had to report every day); started softball and volleyball leagues; taught the region's beekeepers how to extract royal jelly from their hives; and persuaded the region's sub-governor to remodel the village's huge stone camel-caravansary, making it over into a hotel.

Then, in order to fill the hotel, he persuaded the locals to put on colorful folk costumes and recreate ancient street-dancing festivals. The result was a steep upturn in the town's income from tourism. Meanwhile, he worked out an ambitious plan to attract free-spending foreign game-hunters to the local sports club's hunting preserves.

Finally, the affable American was made the first foreign member of the town's social club, and was dubbed Kemal ("The Perfect One") Baldwin.

But early this year his sentence was up, and it was time for Baldwin to be returned to the States for his long-deferred dishonorable discharge. In vain the townspeople and local officials petitioned the Army, the American Ambassador to Turkey, and President Johnson, asking that Baldwin be discharged honorably and allowed to stay on in Kasadusi; late last month he was shipped to an Army base in Brooklyn and given a "discharge other than honorable." When last seen by reporters he was slowly descending a flight of subway stairs, his thoughts and his destination unknown.



The story of Hugh Downey's work in Ethiopia also has a tentative, cliffhanging finish. Downey, who is even now still in his early twenties, was until recently an Army specialist stationed in Ethiopia's Eritrea province. One day in 1963 he gave a Coptic priest a lift in his jeep. When the priest mentioned that his village, Shinnara, had no school, Downey passed the hat among his Army buddies, and a 200-pupil building—the John F. Kennedy School—went up.

That was the beginning. Before he was through Downey had raised thousands of dollars—including most of his Army pay and, more importantly, had enlisted the wholehearted cooperation of local village populations. All this money and labor was invested in a series of impressive self-help projects. The results included a deep well that supplies the needs of some 10,000 people and saves them a two-mile trudge to the nearest river; a 1,500-volume library for students learning English; a six-room orphanage; an experimental farm stocked with U.S. equipment and seeds; several miles of road through rough country; and the halting of a malaria epidemic through the distribution of drugs to 700 people.

The appreciative villagers renamed the local stream the River Hugh; and before he returned last year to America to be discharged Downey had an audience with Emperor Haile Selassie, who praised his work, gave him a pair of gold cufflinks, and urged him to return to Ethiopia. President Johnson later sent him a letter of commendation.

Now back in his native Missouri, Downey hopes to return to his projects in Ethiopia. To that end he has set up in his home at 5306 Rockhill Road, Kansas City, a modest tax-exempt project, the Lalmba Association, devoted to low-budget self-help in Eritrea.

"No handouts," Downey says, "I want to develop a real community with a solid agriculture, a good school. . . . I think success in this project depends on individual effort: a large-scale U.S. aid project could flop out there in the wilderness. . . ."

No one can be sure whether the two young wonder-workers will ever manage to return, the one to the fishing village that knows him as Kemal, the Perfect One, and the other to the countryside made green by the River Hugh. But we can be sure that thousands of villagers will in decades ahead lead better lives because of the small revolutions they singlehandedly set in motion.

—HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Independence of Solitude

THANK YOU for your editorial, "Memories of A.E.S." [*SR*, July 31]. Emerson must have had someone like Adlai Stevenson in mind when he wrote:

> It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion—it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great *man is he who, in the midst of the* world, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

EDWARD H. DARE.
Glenbrook, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For other commentaries on Adlai Stevenson, see page 43.*

Engineers and Morality

ONE PARTICULAR ARTICLE stood out in your issue of July 31. It was Seymour Melman's, "Our Depleted Society: Behind the Mask of Success." That a professor of industrial engineering would have such a great concern for such crucial moral issues indicates that there is still some hope.

Other engineers now have a model that their profession can gladly emulate. Too bad we don't have more like him right now.

JOHN P. KOWAL.
Buffalo, N.Y.

SO IT MAY BE a whimper after all. "Our Depleted Society" as seen by Professor Melman may expire from functional malnutrition before it has a chance to make the bang.

MRS. FRANK DUINO.
Index, Wash.

Appearance and Reality

WHAT A RELIEF to come across someone who attacks a problem directly, draws conclusions logically, and expresses them lucidly, as Professor Henry Steele Commager did in his article "A Historian Looks at Our Political Morality" [*SR*, July 10].

Most of us have lost our critical capacity. We no longer examine things objectively.

Somewhere along the line we decided to accept appearance for reality. If we are told the U.S. is fighting for freedom, it *is*. If we are told we offer equal civil rights to all in this country, then we *do*. When some toothpaste says it will ensure a happy love life via white teeth, sales go up.

Deluged by illusionary articles, ads, and pictures, we sink back into our easy chairs and unthinkingly give our stamp of approval.

Mr. Commager's article must be appreciated; truth is rare.

MARGARET JOAN NORRIS.
Staten Island, N.Y.

Poetry or Puttering?

YOUR LISTING OF John Ciardi as poetry editor is obviously meant as a joke. If any of your readers retained any doubts about the humorous intent of this listing, they were pointedly disposed of when you published Mr. Ciardi's "Alphabestiary." I got the distinct impression that Mr. Ciardi expected that we should consider such mangled gibberish poetry. Really!

The personal consideration that would allow the occasional printing of a short piece of so-called poetry in order to keep from wounding the heart of an old friend can, I am sure, be appreciated by most *SR* readers. But, please, not whole pagesful again.

And, please, do get a poetry editor. There are some of us who would like, from time to time, to come upon some poetry in your magazine.

W. L. GEORGE COLLINS.
Harlingen, Tex.

SINCE Mr. Ciardi took such a verbal beating over his piece about Los Angeles, may I offer a little soothing syrup? I like his "Alphabestiary." I wish "B is for Bombers" could be inscribed on a coffee cup and served to Lyndon B. Johnson with every meal.

MISS LEOLA SOUTHWELL.
San Bernardino, Calif.

Is Space Black and White?

AT A FIRST superficial reading, Mrs. Joseph Silverman's letter to the editor in your issue of July 10, "First Things First," makes eminently good sense. "Of course," I said mentally, and went on to other pages.

But her words were working under the surface; subconsciously, her argument bothered me. It would seem that any conscientious, intelligent human being could find no argument with her contention that the conquest of space should be put aside until our own world has solved its monumental problems of disease, poverty, and ignorance.

And yet, is it so simple, so unrelievedly black and white? I'm afraid not. I strongly doubt that humanity, being human, will ever be free of problems that demand solution. Was it not, by Mrs. Silverman's reasoning, wrong for the Medicis and others to spend their resources on art and the fostering of an intellectual renascence, when all around them existed abysmal and almost totally ignored human misery?

We will, thank God, always have our Dr. Schweitzers and Dooleys, our Father Damiens, Helen Kellers, and Eleanor Roosevelts. But we will also have our dreamers and creators, and the Glenns and the Whites to implement their achievements. In short, we will probably, alas, always have human misery and people with the will, energy, and ability to combat it; we will also always have the spirit of adventure and those who must live it.

Moreover, who knows what may lie beyond the threshold of space? New problems, certainly, but perhaps as well the answers to some old ones. Human benefit often comes in unlooked-for-places. Queen Isabella's motives in backing Columbus seem to have been a mixture of a desire for riches and a love of adventure. Yet America became the Golden Door to the many people fleeing religious, economic, and social oppression.

Mrs. Silverman pleads in conclusion: "Please let us walk upright with dignity on earth before we fly into the wild blue yonder." It is a noble-sounding plea. But let us remember, Mrs. Silverman, that if his wings had been clipped, man might never have learned to fly.

JANET B. FISHER.
Kerhonkson, N.Y.

I WOULD simply like to look Mrs. Silverman squarely in the eye and ask her if she really and truly believes that a drastic cutback in the space program is the solution to our problems of inadequate food, housing, education, and health. Since this is not an either-or situation, it is unlikely that a cutting back of space expenditures by the government would magically call forth a blossoming of efforts to find solutions to these social problems merely because of the money saved.

WILLIAM VESELY,
University of Chicago.
Chicago, Ill.

"Congratulations! You're receiving the 100,000th ticket on this parkway."

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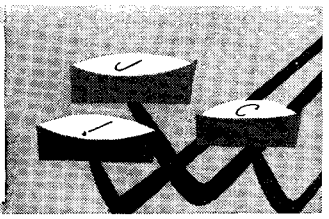
Manner of Speaking



Dear Editor: How Do I Become a Writer? At least half the mail on any editorial desk yearns, implicitly or explicitly, toward the unanswerable and always pleading question, "How do I become a writer?" In its most common subform the question reads: "If my writing is not publishable, will you analyze it for me and tell me how to improve it?" And often, as if flashing a credit card in payment of the check, the writer adds: "I am a subscriber."

I mean to quarrel with our subscribers only on principle and only when I must, but I must in reason if the assumption is that a subscription buys not only the magazine but the personal services of the editors. Let me believe, rather, that *SR* is bargain enough at the price, without including the editors, who are, in any case, no bargain.

Neither are they teachers. If a writer seriously wants guidance, he should enroll in a workshop at the nearest university, extension service, writers' conference, or adult education center. If there is none available to him where he lives, I know of nothing he can do except, perhaps, to move. And if the reasons against moving are more compelling than the desire to be a writer, then that man has something more important in his life than his writing, and he would be well advised to go for what is most important to him. The writer who means to write will find his guidance, whatever it costs him. Nor will any substantial part of it come from an editor—not at least until he is well advanced in his own craft. About all the editor can do for the beginning writer is done when he buys a given piece or rejects it. If he buys it, he may very well offer some suggestions. If he rejects it, he will normally do so with a rejection slip, the essence of which is "Sorry—not for us."

In the mercy that a day's work may hope to earn, there is little more an editor can do about unpublishable manuscripts. It is out of the question to think of providing individual criticisms, and nothing can change that fact, no matter how yearningly the question is put. Some of the other most common subquestions can, however, be answered with more or less standard information, and those I shall try to answer here.

Q. How do I go about submitting manuscripts for publication?

A. Legibly, and with a stamped self-addressed return envelope. Standard practice is to type the manuscript, double-spaced, on regular typing paper. Put your name and address on each page. Write an accompanying letter, if you like, but it will serve no purpose: the writing must sell itself. Above all, if your ego cannot stand the thought of having your writing returned with a printed rejection slip, keep the manuscript at home. The editor does not hate your soul. But he will have before him baskets full of the work of equal souls, some of whom may be better writers. His job is not to carry on a correspondence with your soul but to get through those baskets and to find in them the manuscripts that speak to his soul and, as he hopes, to the souls of his readers.

Q. Will my manuscript be read by the editor himself?

A. Yes—as far as the first cliché. No self-respecting editor will willingly buy clichés and the first one is reason enough to stop his reading. He owes at least that much to the readers of his magazine. If you want the editor to read to the end, you need only make sure that you provide him with no cliché-marked stopping places.

Q. How do I break into print?

A. More or less as everyone else does—by submitting manuscripts, collecting rejection slips, and restudying the writing in the hope of improving it until your manuscripts begin to break down the resistance an editor is hired to have. Any one editor may be wrong, but when any considerable number of them have sent back your manuscripts with plain rejection slips, that total adds up to a kind of information any reasonable man can interpret.

Q. Where can I get an agent?

A. In the future—maybe. Until you have published a few things on your own you probably have nothing to offer an agent. He lives on 10 per cent of his authors' sales and 10 per cent of nothing is no return. Go the first mile on your own, and when you are ready for an agent he will find you.

THERE are people who advertise as agents but they generally make their living by charging you a reading fee, not from a percentage of your sales. The code of ethics of the American Society of Authors' Representatives forbids advertising, and it is *SR* policy to accept no advertising that offers to place for sale the manuscripts of unknown authors.

In general, too, an agent is not of much use to a poet. There are too few paying markets for poetry, and their fees hardly invite agency interest. Any persevering poet can soon learn the possible outlets for poetry as thoroughly as an agent is likely to know them.

As with agents, so with publishing houses. There are vanity presses that publish at the author's expense, and all such must be approached with great caution. Their method of operation is legal enough, though it is ethically questionable when it involves flattering the writer beyond his merits in the hope of getting him to invest his money in a publication that will be ignored by all but his friends.

If you are in doubt about whether or not the agent or publisher is reputable, there is a simple test. Type out a batch of the worst possible writing you can bring yourself to commit, and send it off to what mystery-story fans call "the suspect." If he replies in nothing less than dithyrambs and panegyrics, duck: you have uncovered a pirate.

IF, on the other hand, you sneak back to his letter and reread it with long rapt pauses, and then turn to the carbon of the manuscript and begin to think that maybe you outdid yourself without really knowing it at first—then, ah then, son of man, you have invented no part of the mistake the human race may turn out to be, and the universe does continue to spin around you in the same motion that includes mind and talent and the sublimities of both, but as a writer you are beyond the furthest hope of love or mercy.

And though your other virtues are as the stars in the firmament—though you honor your parents, love your children, earn your paycheck, vote thoughtfully, and do not beat your wife or husband, as the case may be—though every civil merit shines in you, and though you yourself shine in society as a personage, yet, I submit, you have no business with editors, nor have they any with you.

Your soul remains as real, and as unreal, as any other, and the editor means it no disrespect. But your papers on his desk are a daily nuisance of which he must rid himself in the simplest way, and the simplest way is the rejection slip.

You may not like the form of that slip, and your ego may find in its impersonality a rebuff to the intensity with which you recognize your own individuality. Yet the rejection slip, though necessarily vacuous, is always sweetly worded. It is meant to convey no rancor. And properly understood, it does answer your question. You wanted to know what he thought of your manuscript and he has told you, impersonally, yes, but politely enough: he doesn't like it.

And that, alas, does happen to be one of the answers of which the universe is capable. —JOHN CIARDI.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

The Many Faces of Failure

THE NAME of Arthur Miller's story and moving picture *The Misfits* could serve as title for a large proportion of the novels that are published in these days. And why not? Surely most of the novels about the successful men and women in our society are dull or superficial or both. In a large way, of course, most of the world's great literature is about failures of one sort or another; that seems to be the way the world is. But I am thinking about failure in a narrower and more contemporary sense. Today, from the point of view of most serious novelists—and most serious artists of other kinds—adjustment to our culture is disgraceful. Like the anachronistic cowboys in Miller's story, the misfits in our fiction are both admirable and pathetic.

Clifford Stone, the hero and narrator of *The Cherry Pit*, a first novel by Donald Harington (Random House, $5.95), has escaped from Little Rock to take his master's degree at Yale, to find a respectable post with an antiquarian society in Boston, and to marry an intellectual and rather frigid alumna of Mount Holyoke. Fed up with both job and wife, he flees to his native city, where he learns, like Thomas Wolfe's hero long before him, that you can't go home again. In time, however, he finds three old and congenial friends: an erstwhile girl of his named Margaret, who has remained virginal while growing more and more eccentric; his former boxing companion, Dall, now a sergeant of police; and a prosperous, sophisticated, enigmatic Negro known as Naps.

Harington has shown much ingenuity in devising adventures for Stone and his friends, and the incidents, if not always plausible, are entertaining. Harington writes well, sometimes brilliantly, and if he comes to no particular conclusion, that can't be held against him. What does bother me is that, like many first novelists, he writes as if he were never going to write another book and must say here and now all that he has to say. In spite of this, he does give a convincing account of one type of rebellion.

In *Totempole* (Dutton, $5.95) Sanford Friedman has told the story of a natural-born misfit, telling it largely in terms of the sexual experiences of his hero. We begin with Stephen as an infant, and follow him along a course that Freud has made familiar to us. In several chapters we are told about Stephen at a boys' camp at seven and nine and older, and much of the account is revealing. I do not know of any piece of fiction that deals more perceptively with preadolescent sex.

As Stephen grows older, we can watch the process by which his alienation from contemporary society is deepened. In college he associates with a group of young men and women who are interested in dramatics and pride themselves on being outcasts, and, though he is not wholly at home with them, they are more congenial than other students. The scene shifts abruptly to Korea, where Stephen finds sexual fulfillment and more than that. Voluntarily teaching English to a group of prisoners-of-war—North Koreans who are anti-Communists but who are being held prisoner during peace negotiations—he enjoys a kind of brotherhood he has never known before. At the same time, one of the prisoners, a doctor, slowly leads him into a sexual relationship deeper and more satisfying than any relationship he has previously had with either men or women. When he goes home, he feels "both overjoyed and sorrowful."

The novel may not be a particularly subtle study of coming-of-age, but it does seem to be a wholly honest one. Friedman treats the homosexual theme, as he does the theme of infant sexuality, with great candor and no lubricity. If at times the books seems a little too much like a case study, there are episodes that are developed with unusual imaginative power.

Edward Hoagland, who wrote well about misfits in two novels, *Cat Man* and *The Circle Home*, has made a different approach to the subject of maladjustment in *The Peacock's Tail* (McGraw-Hill, $5.50). Whereas the first novel described life in a circus and the second was concerned with boxing, the new book has as hero a young man of proper background, Ben Pringle ("the Fair-haired Boy had been a name for him in college, where he'd loomed larger in his friends' forecasts than he did lately"). As the story begins, he has just lost his job, and, returning to New York, has discovered that he's lost his girl as well. He takes up residence in an uptown hotel, largely inhabited by Negroes, Puerto Ricans, and whites on relief, and among these outsiders he finds certain satisfactions, especially in telling stories to and playing games with the dozens of young children.

Somehow it doesn't seem a substantial enough subject for a novel, especially a

21 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "The Cherry Pit," by Donald Harington; "Totempole," by Sanford Friedman; "The Peacock's Tail," by Edward Hoagland; "Venus in Transit," by Audrey Laski

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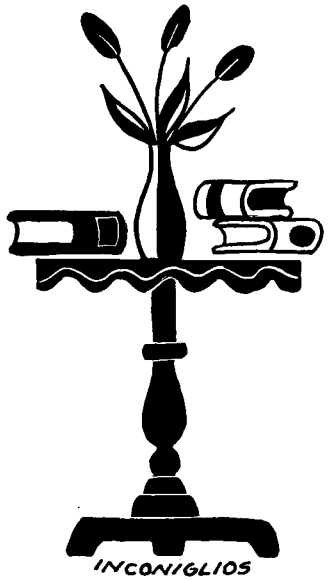
novel by so talented a writer. There is more to the story than I have indicated, though not much more, and there are some splendid scenes, particularly the fantastic climax, but I cannot attach as much significance to Ben's adventures as Hoagland obviously hoped the reader would do.

Audrey Laski's *Venus in Transit* (McGraw-Hill, $4.95) offers a change, for here the misfit is a woman and British. Dorothy, who had wanted to be a painter and realized that she wasn't good enough, knows she is a misfit. A successful window dresser, she revolts against what she sums up as "neon," and is delighted to set off for Sicily with her current lover. But the Sicilian enterprise, supposed to be scientific and philanthropic, turns out to have its neon aspects, and she flees. After various adventures in France, including a winter as the mistress of a cowboy of the Camargue, she comes to realize that there is no escape from commercialism, and she returns to London to adopt a compromise that seems likely to work, at least for a time.

Written partly in the first person and partly in the third, *Venus in Transit* is bright, fast-moving, and generally amusing. A free-wheeling kind of girl who takes her fun where she finds it, Dorothy is a consistent rebel against a business civilization. Quite capable of laughing at herself, she is also capable of making sacrifices for the sake of her beliefs. Her various love affairs—and they are remarkably varied—are described vividly without benefit of clinical details. Miss Laski's light touch makes the novel easy and pleasant to read, and at the same time, though it is not at all solemn, it is serious. Dorothy is the kind of independent woman about whom Doris Lessing has written, and if she is considerably more whimsical than Miss Lessing's heroines, she is no less concerned to maintain her integrity.

—Granville Hicks.



LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Positive re "Negatives"

Please tell W. P. Turner [Letters to Book Review Editor, *SR*, July 31] that I did not mean to imply that he or *The Yorkshire Post* or its other reviewers were anti-American. I meant only that the single act of recommending Peter Everett's *Negatives* [*SR*, June 5] on the dust jacket of the American edition was "obviously anti-American." Those admiring words quoted from Mr. Turner's review of that terrible, terrible book might well have persuaded some of us to read the silly thing. But any larger condemnation was very far from my mind. . . .

Nicholas Samstag.

New York, N.Y.

No Need to English

David Dempsey states that "at least half a dozen British publishers now maintain branches in Nigeria, in many cases translating native authors into English for sale in the United Kingdom. [The Publishing Scene, *SR*, June 26]. This gives the impression that Nigerians commonly write in languages other than English; the truth is that Nigerian authors write excellent English that needs no translation, as Mr. Dempsey will discover if he reads some of the authors he generalized about. For a start, he might try the novels of Chinua Achebe, the plays of Wole Soyinka, and the poems of Christopher Okigbo, to mention only three of Nigeria's many contemporary writers.

Michael J. Briggs.

Lagos, Nigeria

Who's Paying Now?

Your penchant for having your book reviews written by "liberals" is very annoying to me, as, for instance, the review by Margaret Coit of *Of Snuff, Sin, and the Senate* [*SR*, July 31].

She apparently knows nothing of former times except the "liberal" condemnation of all business, and, still worse, she apparently knows nothing of the present time either.

"Big business was spelled special privilege." Now union labor is spelled special privilege. I fail to see any gain. . . . These old-timers bought votes. Agreed, but they bought them with their own money, whereas the present-day politicians buy their votes with the tax-payers' money. Which is the more reprehensible? . . .

She speaks contemptuously of "the oil Senate, the railroad Senate, and the steel Senate." I haven't the slightest doubt that they pulled many a crooked deal, but let's give them their due. The oil, railroad, and steel interests of those days put this country on the map, industrially. And even in those days a business couldn't prosper unless its products were priced within the reach of potential customers. . . .

She says that "the people paid . . . with high taxes." Apparently she doesn't know that the federal government, which is the one she is talking about, imposed no taxes on the people except a little on tobacco and liquor, and tariffs on imported goods. And are taxes high now or are they not? . . .

Perry A. Brick.

Danbury, Conn.

We thank you for the choice of so competent a reviewer as Miss Coit for our new book, *Of Snuff, Sin, and the Senate*. . . .

No one was more astounded than we to see *in print* that the famous Senator Borah came from Utah. Certainly we knew better, and from farther back than we dare admit. . . .

But we are willing to make a great big fat bet that this is the only error of fact in the entire 320 pages. It was simply one of those inexplicable little blind spots that persist stubbornly through dozens of readings by us and by our editor who, incidentally, is an American history buff of some prestige. . . .

Will Idaho forgive? Perhaps the picture we drew of the mighty Senator will recompense.

Robert Rienow.
Leona Train Rienow.

Selkirk, N.Y.

Tasteful Assignations

First let me say that *SR* is my delight—first I do the Double Crostic, generally in record time—but now and then it throws me. . . . I dislike the review by Granville Hicks in the June 26th issue giving so much space and adulation to *Knights and Dragons*, by Elizabeth Spencer. . . . Far from being "good writing" it struck me as mannered writing, confusing and boring. The romantic angle was thoroughly unconvincing, though the assignations were handled in good taste. I am far past the allotted threescore and ten and am sick to death of sex. . . .

Dora H. Moitoret.

Seattle, Wash.

De Kruif as Told to Lewis

Congratulations to John K. Hutchens's "Arrowsmith's American Dream" [*SR*, July 3]. Someone has finally given Paul de Kruif credit for having contributed to the production of Sinclair Lewis's *Arrowsmith*. Sinclair Lewis . . . didn't even mention Mr. de Kruif when the book was published and received such a success. More compliments to Mr. Hutchens for pointing out that *Arrowsmith* is the only book which Sinclair Lewis has ever written that is "fit" to read. In fact, after reading *The Male Hormone, Hunger Fighters, The Sweeping Wind*, and many other fine books by this unique author, Paul de Kruif, I have decided that his name should have signed *Arrowsmith* and Sinclair Lewis's barely mentioned.

Glenn F. Henderson.

Henderson, N.C.

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A Sort of Postscript

IN A moment of what he hopes was only temporary lunacy your correspondent, writing last April in *SR* about a covey of new baseball books, mentioned an ancient one entitled *Courtney of the Center Garden,* by (he added rather airily and lazily) an author whose name eluded him.

Well, one lives and learns, or tries to, and sometimes it can happen the hard way, as your correspondent has had reason since then to be aware. "If you had said that the name of the author of *David Copperfield* 'eluded' you, we'd understand," a reader in Wolf Point, Montana, advised, throwing one high and inside. "But how could even a semiliterate ex-book-reviewer mislay the name of BURT L. STANDISH?"

How, indeed? I'll never know, nor, presumably, will I ever be allowed to apologize adequately for this deplorable lapse. A man just doesn't go around casually forgetting the name of the creator of the Frank Merriwell stories, all 209 of them, and the Big League Series, in which *Courtney* was Vol. 7. Permanent exile to Tierra del Fuego would be the first step toward just punishment, said the chum in Wolf Point, Montana—which, come to think of it, is itself fairly remote.

Among the kindlier, if clearly horrified, members of the audience on this unfortunate occasion was Mr. Hollis Smith of New York City, once of Princeton and a sometime ballplayer of sorts. Mr. Smith merely suggested that, for all the virtues of *Courtney, Guarding the Keystone Sack,* a somewhat later entry in the Big League Series, actually was the finer book of the two, and that he would even go so far as to lend me his own priceless copy of it.

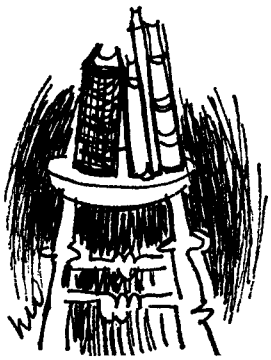
"Try to forget your recent shattering experience," said Mr. Smith. "Stand up to the plate as if you had not been beaned by fate and your own stupidity. Pass an objective judgment on Standish's peerless form and delivery in *Guarding the Keystone Sack,* and heaven may yet forgive you, though some of us may be slower in getting around to it."

Under armed guard Mr. Smith's copy of No. 10 in the Big League Series arrived, was read, and presently will be returned to him, although reluctantly, and only because he has understandably declined what might be regarded in some rare-book circles as a handsome offer for his first, or 1917, edition of this masterpiece. "Would you expect to latch onto a first edition of *Moby Dick* for two bits and a couple of old United Cigar coupons?" he asked with something like a snarl. He then relented a little and said, "But reread it as often as you please." This was generous but also reckless of him, because there is no final rereading of a book whose 250 pages are as packed with riches as Mr. Standish's. The chances are, I'm beginning to see, that Mr. Smith will get his copy back only if he threatens to sue.

But now, of course, you are wondering what these riches consist of. One of them is the power of brisk, plain narrative. On the Burt L. Standish circuit *things happened,* and happened fast, as they did not always in the fiction of certain novelistic contemporaries of his. Try to imagine, for instance, how many hundreds of thousands of words Marcel Proust would have needed to tell us that the Blue Stockings in *Guarding the Keystone Sack* are a baseball team having trouble getting under way in a new season. Marcel, an able society reporter, simply couldn't have done it. But old Burt lets us know in a couple of paragraphs.

What are the Blue Stockings to do? They are to bring up Mat "Streak" Schuyler from the minors, that's what; a sensational fielder, a slashing hitter. Or, as the Blue Stockings' veteran coach says after watching him in practice: "If he's anywhere near as good as he seems to be, our worry about a second sacker is over. He appears to be right there with the berries. He's a fancy little club swinger, too, according to his record."

He won't be all that good right away, naturally. In his very first game he makes a horrendous error, but recovers quickly, as becomes a Standish hero. There again, note our author's gift for economy, as distinguished from his so-called literary (but in truth only windier) betters in his time. A tolerably good writer out of Poland, Joseph Conrad, might have had Streak mooning around for three or four chapters, a sort of infield Lord Jim. But not Burt. Through "a forced, sickly smile" Streak Schuyler says to his friend, the shortstop, "Thought I'd show 'em just how bad I could be, to start with. Having got it out of my system, maybe I'll be all right." Standish heroes don't go in for alibis, either. "I haven't any excuse to make for that beastly throw," this one says to his manager in the dugout at the end of the inning.



Nor does Burt fail us when the narrative wanders away from the diamond. He sees to it that our hero falls in love with his sister's Wellesley classmate, Kate Devine, little knowing that Kate's brother is a gambler in search of a framed ball game. When the confrontation scene inevitably arrives, Burt is all business, as usual.

> "I'll make a bargain with you," Devine said. "Play off just enough to spoil the chances of your team—"
>
> "You scoundrel!" exclaimed Schuyler, taking a step forward.
>
> Devine lifted his right hand quickly. It held an automatic revolver. "I'll shoot you if you try that!" he declared, his breath whistling through his nostrils.

You know very well that Henry James never wrote a scene as sharp as that.

Still another appealing aspect of the Standish art, for those of us who grew up in a long-gone baseball era, is his way with slang. Suddenly we are back in the days when no self-respecting sports writer referred to first base merely as first base. It was "the initial hassock." A baseball was "the sphere" or "the horsehide," a pitcher was a "slabman," and a ball park was "the old orchard."

If he hadn't been Burt L. Standish, of Frank Merriwell fame, the literary histories might even now be regarding him as a great folklorist, and perhaps they will some day. Meanwhile your correspondent hears with approval that a small band of devotees is urging a posthumous Nobel Prize for Burt, who was born Gilbert Patten in Corinna, Maine, almost ninety-nine years ago. Speaking for myself, I'd award it to him for *Courtney of the Center Garden* and *Guarding the Keystone Sack,* apart from the Merriwell canon. All right, so this suggestion puts Burt L. Standish, *né* Patten, above such non-Nobel-winners as Conrad, James, Proust, O'Casey, Joyce, Dreiser. I have already pointed out the deficiencies of the first three in comparison to Standish. The other three would suffer similarly if put to the test. Could they go to their right? Did they have good hands? Could they hit the curve ball? Nobody knows, but millions of us knew about old Burt. He could do anything, just like his heroes.

—JOHN K. HUTCHENS.

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From Dachau to B.B.

The Ignoble Savages, *by Mariano Picón-Salas, translated from the Spanish by Herbert Weinstock (Knopf. 168 pp. $3.95), cries out against the brutishness of the modern world in a series of essays that embrace, as well, an appreciation for Brigitte Bardot. Arthur Darack is book and art editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, and, as adjunct associate professor, teacher of esthetics and musicology at the University of Cincinnati.*

By ARTHUR DARACK

ARGUING with philosophers may be classified as madness, but in *The Ignoble Savages* Mariano Picón-Salas does it with such troubling eloquence that we both admire and learn from him.

The Venezuelan scholar, critic, and novelist, who died last January, was angry at the barbarism of the modern world; he wished it to behave long enough to commence reforming itself. His essays range in subject and mood from the contemplation of Hitler's murder camps—the vilest drama of our century, perhaps of history—to a sardonic but smiling appreciation of Brigitte Bardot, to a castigation of Existentialism, in which he assails Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, who fought Hitler—but not Heidegger, who supported him.

Though it is a largely familiar attack on Stalinism and Hitlerism, the author's denunciation of the lie and its consequence in contemporary history is persuasive and valuable. A former UNESCO representative for his country, he pays tribute to the United States, which, through Kennedy's program in South America, showed how it might be possible to aid impoverished lands without enslaving them.

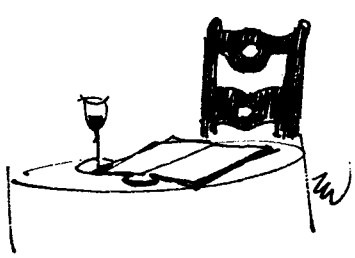
In a provocative discussion of novelty versus inner cultivation Picón-Salas contends that the love of the former for its own sake leads to various cruelties and deceptions because, with fresh novelty flowing in upon us like the Heraclitean flux, there is no time or opportunity for introspection, hence no sympathy for mankind. He holds imaginary conversations with an alarmingly intellectual devil. And he concludes with a passionate evocation of the spirit and message of Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, the Christian mystic-scientist, in whom he sees a new synthesis of the humane and the scientific which, coupled with the religious, represents the most likely salvation for mankind, if it is to prevail.

Picón-Salas is both genial and profound. But, as with any thinker of importance, there are many paradoxes at the root of his thought. He returns again and again to the Hitler murder factories. We are haunted by the fact that this numerically small group of people, the Jews, who would be certain, statistically, to contribute a great share of the world's art, music, science, literature, philosophy, and industry, were singled out to be destroyed in the most revolting manner possible. Picón-Salas ponders the unique barbarism of it.

But was it unique? Protestant and Catholic went at each other with a perfectly clear intention to slaughter every person refusing conversion, even if only one remained. Undoubtedly, but for the failure of weaponry, their war aims would have been realized. Hitler, leading another "Christian nation" on another ideological crusade, fell victim to the same miscalculation—too many enemies, too few guns. He was, to be sure, opposed by other more or less Christian nations, as well as non-Christian or anti-Christian.

The murder of Kennedy, more recently, was similar to the murder of the Jews, in that a rich repertory of human hopes followed him to the grave. Barbara Tuchman has argued that the great massacres in the trenches of World War I, where millions were slaughtered futilely, though fully sanctioned by "Christian civilization," were the psychological preparation for Hitler's "final solution." Stalin's concentration camps were a step along the way to Hitler's. (Stalin's use was by no means wholly different, and to his victims no such distinction would have occurred.)

All these slaughters were possible only because men of great power, with a mystical belief in the correctness of their own views and the erroneousnes of their opponents', were determine that their views were to prevail, even i the mass of mankind considered ther pernicious. And if logic showed ther to be false or unlikely, logic was to b banished. A Hitler or Stalin, willing t murder millions, would hardly hesitat to obliterate a competing abstraction- the idea of logic.



These questions, if they are continu ally raised, as they are by Picón-Sala only within the framework of their plac and time, become misleading or worse Hitler and Stalin left a powerful legac everywhere, and if history teaches u anything, it warns us that an influenc in which evil is conspicuous is almos certain to persist in some form. Th problems caused by Hitler and Stalii must be examined today in the light o those modern situations where it may b tempting to apply their solutions. Thi question, though it is painful, is neve faced by Picón-Salas and his fellov mystics. (I should call him a qualifie mystic.)

The Communists, for example, seen today to be determined on wars of "na tional liberation." For our part, we tall of wars of "national honor." These ab stractions, perfectly mystical, are als very similar in their consequence. The produce many dead villagers; they pos great danger to those of us who live i cities and do not believe in mysticism and they induce a fatalistic acceptanc of further mass slaughters, each of whicl can be the last. Weaponry and its appli cation will not forever remain inferio to fanaticism and its application. Picón Salas, for all his humanism, liberalism and rejection of what is shabby in mod ern life, thinks the Existentialists led b Sartre are undermining our spiritua values. Sartre, however, identifies wha is absurd; he does not create it. But a world without people is also one with out values. Existentialism and Christian mysticism would be equally among th missing.

Perhaps it is not good form to tak issue with so subtle an author, on th theory that a fine book ought to b treated as if one were an intellectua guest in its home, and were there on good behavior. But Picón-Salas's thought contains a veiled polemica thrust. To get below the intellectua brooding on the surface of the book i to find oneself in barbed, weaponed country, where need for cover may be great and the temptation to strike back is not always possible to resist. Arguing with Picón-Salas's book may be a form of walking into the living room with mud on your boots. For this one can only apologize in the name of urgency in response to the invitation, and hope that boorishness will not be thought a fatal intellectual disgrace.

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In Favor of Dissent

The Love of Anxiety and Other Essays, *by Charles Frankel (Harper & Row. 202 pp. $4.50), expatiates upon the cultivated desperation and reasonable irrationality that characterize our present mental climate. Emile Capouya's essays and reviews appear regularly in SR.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

DR. JOHNSON's old schoolfellow Oliver Edwards reported that his own promising career as a philosopher had been ruined because "cheerfulness was always breaking in." In the case of Professor Charles Frankel, when cheerfulness intruded she was seized and pinioned and herself broken to the uses of philosophy. To such a point that a eupeptic optimism sometimes appears to be not merely the characteristic mood but the very instrument of Professor Frankel's thought.

Take, for example, the title essay in the present volume. Its thesis is that while this age of turmoil gives us plenty to be legitimately anxious about, there has arisen a school of connoisseurs of anxiety, voluptuaries of despair—people who wallow in it. And the more they wallow the worse things look to be getting and the better they feel, since a reasoned hopelessness relieves them of all responsibility for taking arms against a sea of troubles. It is clear that for Professor Frankel optimism as a critical instrument proves itself on pragmatic grounds; if we are interested in humanizing ourselves, a decent cheerfulness suggests possible courses of action, opens choices, encourages us to consult our best inspiration. Despair makes its devotees effeminate and unfits them for action. Such persons, such philosophers even, Mr. Frankel is inclined to dismiss.

Now, the common defect of optimism is a tendency toward a Philistine vulgarity. I confess that I have been waiting some fifteen years now for Professor Frankel to show his true colors, scanning his published works anxiously for a hint of bloody-minded satisfaction with things as they are. I have reluctantly concluded that his true colors are those he flies from the masthead—decency, imagination, the habit of doing justice to an opponent's argument, a generous enthusiasm for an ideal of democracy founded on a reflective and responsible citizenry. His unfailingly affable literary personality does arouse suspicion still, but it must be added that there is nothing pusillanimous in his affability. When he says, "Come, let us reason together," one imagines that he goes on, *in petto*, "and when you come close enough I'll break your intellectual neck."

The essays collected in *The Love of Anxiety* are not all related to the theme of cultivated desperation. Indeed, one charming post-Aesopian fable, "The Bear and the Beaver," offers a very different moral, recognizing the love of *dolce far niente* that is just as enduring a human trait as the desire codified for all time by Dickens's fat boy—"I wants to make your flesh creep." And of the remaining essays, two in particular strike me as being of special interest to readers who may share Professor Frankel's democratic faith and yet be troubled about the prospects for democracy.

The first is "The Anti-Intellectualism of the Intellectuals," a discussion based upon eight theses, formulas expressing as many aspects of the reasoned abuse of reason. Since democracy is connected with a belief in the power of rational thought to organize human affairs successfully, antirational and antidemocratic positions are mutually reinforcing, and challenge the psychological, social, and philosophic bases of the movement to emancipate the race. Nevertheless, in criticizing the antirational formulas, Professor Frankel is sometimes constrained to admit their general force, and then go on to argue that they are misapplied in practice, let us say because of semantic confusion. At other times he admits their force as propositions but denies that they involve any fundamental criticism of reason as an instrument for directing our lives.

The discussion is fair and illuminating, but it appears to miss an essential animus of the modern antirational position. Professor Frankel writes:

> No doubt there is provocation for the assault on abstractions in which so many philosophers, theologians, and humanists are presently engaged. In our highly organized and rationalized society, the tendency exists to make judgments without apparent realization of the human emotions, and the dense, textured human situations, that are hidden by abstract formulas. There is a kind of dessicated simulacrum—almost a parody—of rational thought in which some apostles of "scientific method" in human affairs unquestionably indulge. The application of the theory of games to questions of thermonuclear war by writers like Herman Kahn is an example. But the reason that the theory of games is a misleading tool to apply to thermonuclear war is that the assumptions that have to be made in order to use the theory are unrealistic.

Now, it appears to me that Mr. Kahn's really significant assumptions are not so

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

THE SOMETHING OF THE OTHER

A favorite pattern in literary titles is "The Blank of the Blank"—e.g., *The Song of the Lark*. Having made hash out of fifteen such titles, Marjorie Wihtol of Middletown, New Jersey, asks you to reconstitute them and assign the correct authors. Get your checkup on page 32.

A. *The Authoress of the Angels* by Jean Anouilh
B. *The Cities of the City* by Elizabeth Bowen
C. *The Day of the Cold* by Samuel Butler
D. *The Death of the Dead* by William Congreve
E. *The Fall of the Dove* by Fyodor Dostoevsky
F. *The Glory of the Heart* by Anatole France
G. *The House of the Laws* by Henry James
H. *The Revolt of the Locust* by Archibald MacLeish
I. *The Song of the Nightingales* by Charles Montesquieu
J. *The Spirit of the Odyssey* by Marcel Proust
K. *The Waltz of the Plain* by E. A. Robinson
L. *The Way of the Saints* by Theodore Roosevelt
M. *The Well of the Toreadors* by Edith Sitwell
N. *The Wings of the West* by J. M. Synge
O. *The Winning of the World* by Nathanael West

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much those that concern the applicability of games theory to the conduct of foreign affairs—in my opinion the "escalation ladder" is about as useful a guide for diplomacy as consulting the innards of fowls, but I would not call Mr. Kahn cuckoo on that account. In terms of the antirationalist argument, his significant assumptions are those that relate to values, and they can be criticized only if it can be shown that they are not mutually consistent. However, there is no *a priori* reason to believe that Mr. Kahn's values are falling over one another's feet; they may echo the harmony of the spheres—and still be murderous. At which point, Professor Frankel would probably point out that Mr. Kahn's program may be rational but it is certainly not reasonable.

And thereupon the antirationalist might well say that, unlike rationality, reasonableness is historically specific. If a whole nation agree with Mr. Kahn's view of life and love, that view is reasonable. That "dessicated simulacrum of rational thought" just happens to be our mental climate. "Come off it," Professor Frankel says to the unreasonable systems-analysts, "you don't really want to die. You are simply misinformed about the probable consequences of blowing up the world. You are not using your God-given reason." But it really does seem rather as if the systems analysts were using their God-given reason to get themselves and us killed. That is why the antirationalist is prone to invoke Original Sin and appeal for Grace.

The other essay peculiarly concerned with the rationale of democracy is "The Morality of Civil Disobedience," a discussion that goes far beyond mere topicality in its identification of fundamental issues. In general, Professor Frankel accepts John Stuart Mill's argument for tolerating dissent of the most radical kind—the dissenter may have something to teach us—while expressing an appropriate concern for the framework of order that protects, among other things, the dissenter. Quite right. As a matter of decent democratic manners, the presumption of right must always be on the side of the law; on the other hand, a serious dissenter has the moral duty to violate the law, as a last resort, when reason and conscience are outraged.

As a matter of usage, we think of civil disobedience as nonviolent, reserving such terms as insurrection and rebellion for violent expressions of dissent. I wish that Professor Frankel would undertake an examination of the so-called right of revolution, for, if I am not mistaken, not all of the governing principles can be derived from his discussion of the morality of civil disobedience. In a world in which Mr. Kahn is reasonable, it would be useful to have Professor Frankel's opinion on the moral status of revolution.

Rebellious Octogenarian

***Diary of a Mad Old Man**, by Junichiro Tanizaki, translated from the Japanese by Howard Hibbett (Knopf. 177 pp. $3.95), records the desperate longing to "feel alive" that drives a dying man to goad his family into outrageous behavior and to indulge in such remnants of sexuality as are left to him. Thomas Fitzsimmons, who teaches modern literature at Oakland University, Rochester, Michigan, is currently translating an anthology of younger Japanese poets.*

By THOMAS FITZSIMMONS

Junichiro Tanizaki—provoked giggles, retained respect.

THE ANARCHY of age. Why should a man tolerate convention or restraint when every day muscle, joint, and nerve painfully remind him that at best he can count on a few more months? It is a condition seldom examined in fiction. Junichiro Tanizaki, who died July 30th at the age of seventy-nine, explores it here; and since *Diary of a Mad Old Man* comes out of a culture in which morality is defined not so much in terms of absolutes as of present and pressing personal relationships, the story is firmly held within the flow of everyday family events. The context makes the grotesque doubly grotesque, defeats all behavioristic jargon, and mingles pathos with belly laugh.

Tanizaki was an old pro. His first book was published in 1909, and works by him have been appearing ever since. Of his novels that have been translated into English, *Some Prefer Nettles* (1955) and *The Makioka Sisters* (1957) are usually considered his best. During his last five or six years he became more and more preoccupied with sex (there was a rather heavy dose of it in *The Key*), and that obsession provided Tokyo's *Bundan* (literary world) with a lot of anecdotes and giggles. But whatever firefly of insight he may have been chasing and missing over those years, he captured at least a gleam of it in the *Diary*, which has been excellently put into English. It is a book that amply demonstrates why for more than half a century, as other idols have risen and fallen and one literary fad has succeeded another, old Tanizaki consistently retained the respect of many young Japanese writers.

In the *Diary* Tanizaki creates two persons: Mr. Utsugi, known to his family as Father and to us as the Mad Old Man, and Satsuko, his pretty, opportunistic daughter-in-law, who, with her husband, lives in Utsugi's house. He moves these two persons against a muted background of voices—Mrs. Utsugi, her son, her daughters, grandsons, nephew, a resident nurse, various doctors—so that they dominate the book entirely, except at the end, when both are deliberately and disconcertingly shifted out of focus. There are two threads of narrative: the inexorable physical deterioration of the old man and his infatuation with Satsuko. In examining the fantasies, schemes, and "outrageous" behavior of Utsugi, Tanizaki explores the edges of "absolute need" and its effects upon established notions of morality.

The old man feeds as kindling to a dying fire whatever is required and at hand: responsibility, authority, dignity. His unrelenting need is to feel alive, and he achieves this by bringing others to points of such anger, frustration, or outrage that they also violate the tenets of decorum, and by indulging in such pitiful and minor kinds of sexuality as are still available to him—fantasy, a glimpse of flesh, sometimes a touch, the kissing of a foot. Even pain is a welcome sign of life if it is associated with the erotic object, Satsuko.

Satsuko herself is little more than that—an object. As the old man lavishes attention upon her, so she lavishes attention upon herself. Becoming aware of the extent of the old man's infatuation, she is quick to exploit it for trivial satisfactions. She is also that disturbing

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creature in Japanese culture, the modern girl: Western tastes, unseemly aggressiveness, undissembled ability, a taste for prize fights, somewhat ostentatious personal decoration—all these set her in brutally direct contrast with the world as it has been traditionally conceived of and ordered in Japan, and with those other members of the old man's family who make at least the pretense of living within that world. And so the conflicts between the generations and between the old and the new, which most Japanese expect in any contemporary novel, enter this work, subordinate but very real.

Tanizaki was, as I have said, a pro, and he was never more so than in this lean, taut book. The old man's condition, physical and psychic, is revealed hint by hint, item by item. Background information, social, economic, psychological, is supplied unobtrusively, a bit here, a bit there, giving focus and motivation precisely where the reader begins to look for it. Tension is nicely manipulated into a series of small, shameful climaxes reaching toward an ultimate resolution—which is never supplied but left implicit in the inevitability of the old man's death.

And he is a Mad Old Man, I suppose. And you are mad, too, while you read the book. During that time you have been alive in another way. And some time—minutes, hours?—after putting down the book it may occur to you to wonder if those others around him—the pretty, petty daughter-in-law, the querulous, tactless wife, the sullen daughters, the ineffectual son (Satsuko's husband), the hypocritical nephew (Satsuko's lover)—are in any way to be preferred.

With that question, given the implications that cluster around it (especially in the context of that venerable institution, the Japanese family) Tanizaki pushes his novel, replete as it is with all the little tricks and strategies of the entertainer, beyond the area of entertainment to a penetration of experience which, if it does not have the scope or intensity of illumination, comes close.

Against the Establishment

***The Death of William Posters,** by Alan Sillitoe (Knopf. 318 pp. $4.95), takes the author's latest working-class hero on an "aimlessly purposeful search for himself." Eric Moon is editor of Library Journal.*

By ERIC MOON

"BILL posters will be prosecuted" is, for most people, a common or garden pronouncement of warning to be seen decorating such sundry English scenes as war-torn vacant lots or the generous walls of country estates. But very little is so simple or routine to Frank Dawley, Alan Sillitoe's latest rebellious working man. Bill Posters is an obsessive image in the fertile mind of Dawley, who sees him as the archetype of the man constantly hounded and persecuted by "the authorities," the man in revolt against society's hypocrisies, the little man who nevertheless always escapes and wins against the odds that life has set.

Dawley, like Sillitoe himself, is considerably more imaginative and intelligent than this punning, schoolboy imagery would suggest. But Sillitoe, like Dawley, despite his sincerity and passion on behalf of the working man and against the Establishment, is a romantic who is spellbound by the possibilities of profundity that the grand oversimplification will take on if only it is surrounded with a dash of whimsey.

This is the story of Dawley's own revolt, his escape (or running away) from the deadening pressures of working-class life in England. He abandons wife and family and takes to the road in a kind of aimlessly purposeful search for himself, for a set of beliefs, for some meaning in life beyond the drab sameness he has known as factory hand and family man.

Sillitoe's characters are always more interesting than his philosophy, and in a sense they are truer, for here is a novelist who as observer uses not just eye and ear but understanding and compassion. It is only when he grapples with the abstract that he becomes either cloudy or pretentious.

The forces at work on Dawley's pursuit of he knows not what are all, in a sense, running themselves or at least ready to run. There is Albert Handley, rural, "primitive" painter whose own escape from responsibility is art, and who both loathes and enjoys the price of success when it finally drops upon him. There are the two married women who are Dawley's loves along the way (Sillitoe heroes just plain don't like single girls): the village midwife, Pat Shipley, who has left her child and husband because they impinged upon her independence, her self-reliance ("Practical people lived alone, had the run of their narrow earth. If they had any life in them they burned to death all by themselves."), and Myra, the wife who has "molded herself to the offbeat image" that her husband wanted but who has never accepted the mold. And finally there is Shelley, amateur American revolutionary in Algeria, who, in the least believable part of the book (Sillitoe is rarely at home abroad), fails to see in time the trouble into which Dawley's imponderable ideals can lead him.

A number of talented young writers of English fiction are mining the newly rich field of the working class, among them John Braine, Keith Waterhouse, and David Storey; none, however, is as genuine and authentic as Sillitoe. He captures not only the language but the attitudes of the intelligent man buried in the poverty of inertia and routine of working-class life. Not in any of these other writers, nor yet in Lawrence, Bennett, or Wells, is there this total accord with the milieu and the people that gives substance to Sillitoe's often clumsy stories. He has the same strengths and weaknesses as many of the people who inhabit his pages: the language that can flow or stumble, the intelligence so set upon bursting free that it gets carried away into flights of nonsense and unreality.

After some half-dozen works of fiction, one must conclude that Sillitoe is not a very profound novelist nor yet a "fine" writer in a stylistic sense. But this is not to say that he is not an important writer. His honesty, his authenticity, his identification make him a unique voice in British fiction. If he can ever really kill off William Posters for himself—a little more conclusively than he does in this book for Dawley—he may either become a really major writer or lose all the significance he now has. It is not a chance this reviewer would like to see him take. With all his agonizing, I like him fine the way he is.

—Mark Cerson.

Alan Sillitoe—"a unique voice."

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Mercurial Fidel

***Castroism: Theory and Practice,** by Theodore Draper (Praeger. 263 pp. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $1.95), finds that Cuban-style Communist ideology varies according to Fidel's needs of the moment. Harold Lavine covered the Cuban revolution for Newsweek magazine.*

By HAROLD LAVINE

WHEN Sergei Mikhailovitch Kudryavtsev was Soviet Ambassador to Havana, the wife of another foreign diplomat once asked him: "What do you think of Cuban Communism?" She was merely making dinner conversation, but Kudryavtsev fairly snorted. "It's not Communism," he said, "it's *pachanga* [a wild party]."

Kudryavtsev, who later was recalled to Moscow at Fidel Castro's request (understandably, for Kudryavtsev was always outspoken in his disdain for the Cubans), will find ample support for his outburst in Theodore Draper's latest book on the Cuban revolution. On the surface, at least, Castroism does seem nothing but *pachanga* both in theory and in practice.

Unlike most of those who have written about the revolution, Mr. Draper is a scholar, not a journalist—a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution of War, Revolution, and Peace at Stanford University. He has visited Cuba and talked with Cuban leaders, but he does not rely on his impressions or his conversations for his conclusions. He relies, instead, on "traditional historical documentation that anyone can check or study for himself." The documentation is overwhelming, and the method gives his book a completely dispassionate air. Yet, as one who read his first book, *Castro's Revolution: Myth and Realities,* with open-mouthed admiration, I found this one mildly unsatisfactory. The facts are there, but not the spirit. For, as Mr. Draper amply demonstrates, Castroism is nothing without Fidel. And Fidel th man rarely emerges from these pages.

I don't think it's possible to unde stand Castroism without knowing Fid (though I'll admit that many of thos who knew him best have misunderstoo Castroism most). Castroism is whateve Fidel at the moment says that it is; an he never stops talking. Originally he sai that it was a revolution to restore th Constitution of 1940; then that demo cratic elections could only impede th revolution. He called himself an anti Communist; in the next breath h equated anti-Communism with counte revolutionary activity. He was in favo of socialist reforms; he was against so cialist reforms.

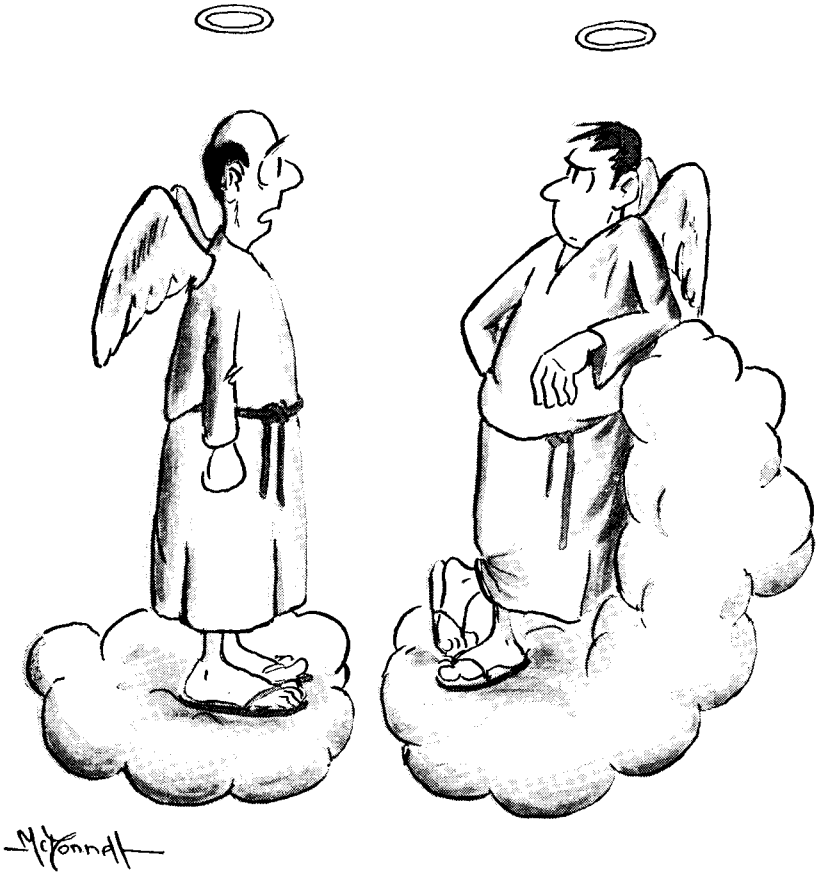
He eventually came up with an ide ology he called "humanism." Probabl no ideology has had less intellectua content. Castro himself has never bee able to define it. The closest he has com was in New York City on April 24, 1959 when he said: "Government of the peo ple without oligarchy, liberty with brea and without terror—that is humanism.

During his wild ideological gyration he eventually took Cuba down the patl to Communism—a strange variety o Communism, because it's Fidel, but stil Communism. Was it always his inten tion to bring Cuba into the Communis camp? Mr. Draper hardly bothers t answer the question, though he clearl doesn't believe it was. Nevertheless i remains an intriguing question, because if the answer is yes, there was always method in Castro's madness.

Just as Castro changed his ideolog as rapidly as Hedda Hopper change hats, so did he change his analysis of th Cuban revolution. It was a vast up heaval of the whole Cuban people tha cut across classes, he said. No, it was a "agrarian revolution." No, it was a "pro letarian revolution."

Actually, as Mr. Draper has demon strated before and now demonstrate again, as late as 1958 the bulk of th revolutionary activity in Cuba tool place among the middle classes. There were peasants in Castro's army, true, a few hundred of them; but they hardly represented an "agrarian revolution." Within the working class, and particu larly the skilled working class, there wa little opposition to Batista, under whom the unions had fared well—which is one reason why the general strike Castro called in the summer of 1958 was a failure.

Castro had a purpose in switching from one description of the revolution to another. In the early days his problem was to consolidate his power; the revo lution, therefore, became a revolution of all the people and no one could oppose Castro without opposing "the people." Later he wanted to put through his ag ricultural program; the revolution be-



"The car rental agency put me in the driver's seat; a cement truck did the rest."

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came an "agrarian revolution." Still later his aim was to industrialize the country overnight; the revolution became a "proletarian revolution."

Pachanga may be too mild a word for Castroism in practice. Castro started out with two obsessions: that sugar was Cuba's curse and that industrialization could prove her salvation. He plowed up sugar land for other crops and starved the sugar industry for capital. Not until disaster overtook him did he recognize what any schoolchild could have told him: that he couldn't industrialize without importing machinery and raw materials. This required money, and sugar was the source of 85 per cent of Cuba's foreign exchange. Now, years later, Castro has decided that sugar will be Cuba's salvation.

The program of industrialization was nonsensical from the first. Cuba is a rich country, but it does not have the resources industrialization requires, nor does it have the internal market. Castro eventually discovered that, in many cases, he was paying more to import the raw materials his factories needed than it would have cost to import the finished products. The program of industrialization has now been put off until *mañana.*

What Castroism will be tomorrow, in theory or in practice, Mr. Draper doesn't venture to guess, but he fears the worst. For Castroism does not stand alone in the world. It is part of the Communist revolution and the spearpoint of Communism in Latin America. For that reason, Castro is not just a pipsqueak *caudillo* who calls himself a Communist; he is a menace to all Latin America—and to the United States.

Interference in the White House

Latin American Mission: An Adventure in Hemispheric Diplomacy, *by deLesseps S. Morrison, edited by Gerold Frank (Simon & Schuster. 288 pp. $5.95), chronicles the experiences of the former New Orleans mayor during his service as delegate to the Organization of American States. Adolf A. Berle, who was one of President Kennedy's personal advisers on Latin America, offers an inside view of the conflict between the White House and State Department during that period.*

By ADOLF A. BERLE

THE LATE deLesseps "Chep" Morrison successfully fought the dynastic Huey Long machine to become mayor of New Orleans in 1946. While in office he interested himself in Latin American contacts, among other matters. In 1960 he challenged the Long machine for the governorship of Louisiana and lost by a hair. He planned to try again in 1964; meanwhile, he was at large. Having supported John F. Kennedy in the campaign of 1960, he was in line for a political appointment, and was offered the post of delegate with ambassadorial rank to the Organization of American States. He promptly accepted.

This volume is a racy chronicle of his experience, and it is good. My impression is that a good deal of the narrative was written by Gerold Frank, a highly experienced editor-collaborator and a capable historian in his own right. All the same, the account must be taken as firsthand evidence, and hence a source of history.

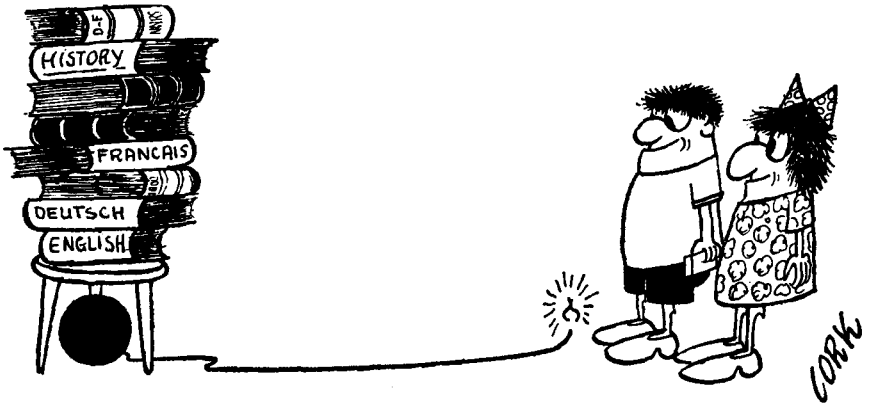
Despite much propaganda to the contrary, politicians are often a great addition to the American diplomatic establishment. They contribute an originality, courage, and direct approach not commonly found in career diplomats. When appointed to diplomatic posts they are usually intrigued against by one faction of hard-core State Department bureaucrats. Morrison rapidly got the treatment. Yet, he learned, other political officials of the United States, not excluding the President, are subjected to similar conniving.

At first Morrison believed that the method of handling Latin American affairs was wrong. President Kennedy had introduced personal advisers into the White House, short-circuiting the Secretary of State and the chain of command. Later, Morrison found out why: on one occasion he received direct instructions from President Kennedy; the Latin American Bureau proposed not to carry them out in order to "protect the President against his mistakes." Actually they wanted a different policy and simply attempted to overrule him. Both Kennedy and Morrison rightly exploded. (When this reviewer was in the State Department in 1961, the same group endeavored to "protect" President Kennedy against corresponding with the cellist Pablo Casals.) Foreign offices all over the world seem to develop this mentality. Had the State Department been outstandingly successful in Latin American affairs, there might have been some excuse; Morrison, however, took on his job after a series of failures, the most spectacular having been the Bay of Pigs. Before too long he had found his own ways of communicating with the White House.

The second act in State Department intrigue consists of inspired statements appearing in New York and Washington newspaper columns, purporting to reflect White House opinion that so-and-so was not "a wise choice for the job" and is shortly to be replaced. This usually means that a powerful and anonymous group of bureaucrats want the man out. A political appointee preparing to take a State Department job would do well to read Morrison's book. He gives credit where credit is due to the many able and high-minded officers whose lives are spent in the foreign service of the United States; he also notes the machinations and their dangers.

Morrison describes with gusto his life and work in Washington. There are endless meetings with Latin American diplomats, repeated departmental conferences, and, when international conferences are on, delegation meetings. There are occasional high-level discussions at the White House; there is unlimited argument and maneuvering for votes during inter-American conferences. The story is familiar to men who have played this game, but, so far as I know, this is the first detailed account in print.

Morrison's baptism of international fire was the Punta del Este conference near Montevideo. The American delegation was headed by Secretary Dillon;



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the Cuban by "Che" Guevara, spouting filth and vituperation. Despite that interruption, the Punta del Este conference gave form to the Alliance for Progress, though beneath the formal action was a boiling cauldron of Latin American politics, set off by an all-out attempt to develop Castro-Communist political forces in every part of the hemisphere. The United States was still making believe—some men actually did believe—that Castroism was indigenous. Morrison wanted, then and there, to brand Cuba—at the time exporting soldiers, arms, and propaganda—as an "aggressor." But State Department and White House staff opinion was divided on the point, and so was the advice given the President.

Following Punta del Este, the Dominican Republic blew up. Trujillo had been assassinated, but his puppet president, Balaguer, remained, and a popular movement to wipe out the remnant was being exploited by Castro. Morrison, accompanied by a team put together by the Organization of American States, went to Santo Domingo with a message to Balaguer from President Kennedy—again with divided counsel behind him. Morrison helped materially in arranging the eventual exclusion of the Trujillo family from Dominican affairs, though he was slightly embarrassed because, as mayor of New Orleans, he had once received a *pro forma* decoration from the assassinated dictator. The Trujillos left, but it took the threat of American force to prevent their prompt return.

In October 1962 Washington received evidence, at length believed, that the Soviet Union was installing nuclear missile bases in Cuba. Morrison's account of that well-remembered crisis is journalistic, factual, and swift-moving, its drama justified by the event.

Included in the book are estimates of men and forces with which it is possible to disagree. Morrison thought well of the Latin American democratic left, and particularly of my friends Romulo Betancourt of Venezuela, Muñoz Marín of Puerto Rico, and José Figueres of Costa Rica. But he thought that democratic left governments are unhappily vulnerable to Communist subversion. He would give top billing to Lleras Camargo of Colombia, Juscelino Kubitschek of Brazil (now in difficulties with the new Brazilian government), and Galo Plaza of Ecuador (who, since the book was written, has done outstanding work as United Nations representative in Cyprus). Morrison would accept dictators or military juntas where these exist, though he would try to guide them toward free elections and representative institutions. He was all for the Alliance for Progress, and he believed—as does this writer—that the Organization of American States can be strengthened.

His final words to the Latin Americans are:

> . . . the incomplete revolution is being completed. We believe we can help complete it through the Alliance for Progress, an *alliance*, a *partnership*, between us and you. The Communists say they can do it better. I believe that all Latin Americans, given a chance to see what it is we . . . propose to do, are doing, will make their choice with us.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Art, Architecture

EGYPT TO THE END OF THE OLD KINGDOM. By Cyril Aldred. McGraw-Hill. $5.

THE GREAT MOSQUE OF KAIROUAN. By Paul Sebag. Macmillan. $9.95.

Crime, Suspense

AFRAID OF THE DARK. By Mary Linn Roby. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

APPLEBY INTERVENES. By Michael Innes. Dodd, Mead. $4.95.

A FEW DAYS IN MADRID. By Audrey and William Roos. Scribners. $4.50.

THE FILE ON DEVLIN. By Catherine Gaskin. Doubleday. $4.50.

A HIVE OF GLASS. By P. M. Hubbard. Atheneum. $3.95.

OLURA. By Geoffrey Household. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $5.95.

POLICE BLOTTER. By Robert L. Pike. Doubleday. $3.50.

A WOVEN WEB. By Pierre Audemars. Doubleday. $3.50.

Current Affairs

AMERICAN DEFENSE POLICY IN PERSPECTIVE. By Raymond G. O'Connor. John Wiley. Hardbound, $7.50. Paperback, $3.95.

CALL ME NEIGHBOR, CALL ME FRIEND: The Case History of the Integration of a Neighborhood on Chicago's South Side. By Philip A. Johnson. Doubleday. $4.50.

CONVERSATIONS WITH WALTER LIPPMANN. Introduction by Edward Weeks. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.95.

GEMINI: America's Historic Walk in Space. By United Press International. Prentice-Hall. $2.95.

THE LIBERAL ESTABLISHMENT. By M. Stanton Evans. Devin-Adair. $5.95.

MARXISM IN THE MODERN WORLD. Edited by Milorad M. Drachkovitch. Stanford Univ. Press. $5.95.

Fiction

THE ACCIDENT. Revised edition. By Dexter Masters. Knopf. $5.95.

THE EXILE OF CAPRI. By Roger Peyrefitte. Fleet. $4.95.

HOW FAR TO BETHLEHEM. By Norah Lofts. Doubleday. $4.95.

IN SAMSON'S EYE. By Betty Littleton. Atheneum. $4.50.

IN THE SUN. By Jon Godden. Knopf. $4.95.

THE MALLOT DIARIES. By Robert Nathan. Knopf. $3.95.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY. By James Leo Herlihy. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

THE OLYMPIA READER. Edited by Maurice Girodias. Grove. $12.50.

THE PASSIONATE INVADERS. By John Clare. Doubleday. $4.50.

A PENNY FOR CHARITY. By Seymour Epstein. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.95.

SOME WITH STEEL. By Robert T. Crowley. Doubleday. $4.95.

THOMAS. By Shelley Mydans. Doubleday. $5.95.

A WELSH STORY. By Joyce Varney. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.95.

History

AUSTRALIA. By Russel Ward. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

AVIGNON IN FLOWER, 1309-1403. By Marzieh Gail. Houghton Mifflin. $6.

THE CHINESE IN PHILIPPINE LIFE, 1850-1898. By Edgar Wickberg. Yale Univ. Press. $7.50.

THE COMMUNIST CONQUEST OF CHINA: A History of the Civil War, 1945-1949. By Lionel Max Chassin. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.95.

THE DEACON WORE SPATS: Profiles from America's Changing Religious Scene. By John T. Stewart. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

DOCTORS OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER. By Walter and Miriam Schneir. Doubleday. $5.95.

E PLURIBUS UNUM: The Formation of the American Republic, 1776-1790. By Forrest McDonald. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

EARLY MESOPOTAMIA AND IRAN. By M. E. L. Mallowan. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

FIGHTING GENERALS. By Curt Anders. Putnam. $5.95.

THE GLEAM OF BAYONETS. By James V. Murfin. Yoseloff. $12.

THE LEGACY OF NEHRU. Edited by K. Natwar-Singh. John Day. $3.50.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE HAWAIIAN KINGDOM: A Political History. By Merze Tate. Yale Univ. Press. $8.50.

Personal History

THE BEARD AND I. By Tommy Whitehead. Ives Washburn. $4.50.

MANCHILD IN THE PROMISED LAND. By Claude Brown. Macmillan. $5.95.

ON THE MORMON FRONTIER: The Diary of Hosea Stout. Edited by Juanita Brooks. Univ. of Utah Press. 2 vols. $17.50.

117 DAYS. By Ruth First. Stein & Day. $3.95.

REGGIE: A Portrait of Reginald Turner. By Stanley Weintraub. Braziller. $6.

ROGUE'S PROGRESS: The Autobiography of "Lord Chief Baron" Nicholson. Edited by John L. Bradley. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

Poetry

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON (Cambridge Edition). Edited by Douglas Bush. Houghton Mifflin. $9.

POEMS ON AFFAIRS OF STATE: Augustan Satirical Verse, 1660-1714. Volume II: 1678-1681. Edited by Elias F. Mengel, Jr. Yale Univ. Press. $12.50.

—Compiled by MIMI FRANKLIN.

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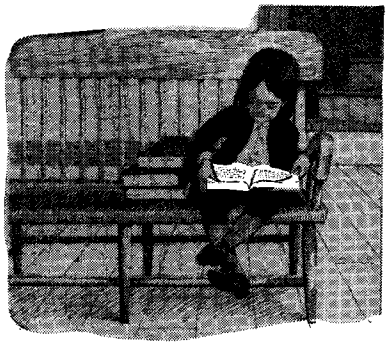
The Child Is Father to the Man



—From "Benjamin Franklin, Scientist-Diplomat."

By ALICE DALGLIESH

ONE PICTURE—and self-evident facts about certain "biographies" for children prompted the above cliché title. From the picture-book stage up, children enjoy stories of people of achievement, though less and less are these books being called biography. Employing descriptive classifications used for adult books, publishers label them "dramatic narratives" or "novels." Lately many have taken shelter under a series title. A reviewer recently commented, partly tongue-in-cheek, on the avoidance in biography of the "crime" of imaginary conversations. These are usually highly irritating to adults, but children who might not read this type of book may be led into it by the conversational approach, which serves at least to break up a solid-type page. However, a critic reading two or three books about the same person can't help noticing the license that some authors take with events and conversations that never could have occurred. My oddest experience this year was with two books about Galileo by the same author, on different publishing lists.

The recent trend towards "read-it-yourself" books should not obscure some of the favorite picture books intended for reading to the child. In fact, these are all the more important because they have a freedom of speech not to be found in books with a limited vocabulary. I have seen it alleged that "attacks" on limited-vocabulary books by librarians, critics, and others are doing a disservice to children who have reading difficulties. As long as children are reading entirely by the word method we shall have these books, a number of which are fairly good. And so long as children have limited backgrounds and ability to grasp facts, some of these books may be needed. Although decked out in the panoply of "trade books," they are schoolbooks. Among them are so many biographies that a child may never "step up" to the really fine ones.

Take the case of Benjamin Franklin, for example. There is humor and life in the d'Aulaires' pictures and text for their *Benjamin Franklin*, and again in Robert Lawson's *Ben and Me*. We have, in fact, every kind of children's book about Franklin, partly because he was so versatile, partly because he is supposed to have been such a highly moral character (perhaps we tend to confuse him with Poor Richard). It is possible though that when young people get to high school or college they will find there is no juice left in the *Autobiography*.

As I said, it was a picture that led me into this—one of small Ben. Artists sometimes have difficulty showing the subject of the book in his younger years, but this amusing picture from *Benjamin Franklin, Scientist-Diplomat* (see review) almost convinces us that Ben was never a baby, yet it has a strange appeal. "He learned to read by himself almost as soon as he was old enough to talk," according to the text. Ben himself states that he "did not remember" learning to read.

Perhaps many of the "young" biographies are in series because from babyhood on young Americans latch onto brand names. And many books in series may be good. We should dip into them every now and then to see what is going on. One of the oldest and longest of the series is Bobbs-Merrill's "Childhood of Famous Americans," which might almost have been tailored to the maxim heading this article. I took up *Douglas MacArthur, Young Protector* in this series and put it down for several reasons, one being the oversimplified and slanted treatment of the first atom bomb. Why not give children a true account from the beginning? Do not mistake me; children like these books, for at a certain period in their lives they follow any series avidly. I have had the experience of watching children at a school Book Fair. They swept all of a popular series off one table, then loped over to see what I (as visiting author or lonely captive lion) had to offer.

Now a new series is being offered by Random House, which is hastening with their "step up" books to fill a gap between picture-book material and the third grade. Some of these are junior biographies. More dignified than most, well illustrated on the whole, they have brief, staccato sentences and an identifying title that is unfortunately folksy—the totally graceless and peremptory injunction to *Meet George Washington, Meet Abraham Lincoln, Meet John Kennedy*. In some there are simplifications of fact. Slavery is absurdly simplified in *Abraham Lincoln*. This series, however, is just cutting its teeth; it should be given time to improve.

Benjamin Franklin, Scientist-Diplomat. *By Charles Michael Daugherty. Illustrated by John Falter. Macmillan.* 41 *pp.* $2.95. One of the more attractive books in the Science Story Library, this is pleasantly written and (I think) has no imposed vocabulary. The emphasis is on Franklin's interest in science and his inventions; a sentence or two takes care of the diplomat. However, here the artist takes over and in a two-page spread shows a mildly bedazzled Franklin surrounded by an admiring bevy of ladies. It would not have been complete without that. Ages 7-plus.

Meet Abraham Lincoln. *By Barbara Carey. Illustrated by Jack Davis. Random House.* 89 *pp.* $1.95. The format and illustrations for this book are quite attractive, and, in general, the story is told with dignity. The publisher states: "Most of the historical misinformation adults have stems from oversimplifications of their first brush with history. In [this book] the young reader is given a sure first footing in facts." This is partially true, but there is the amazing oversimplification of slavery, which ends: "It was cold in the North. It was too cold to grow cotton. So people in the North did not need slaves. And they did not want them. They made laws against owning slaves." Eventually.

The syntax of some sentences is odd. An example: "Once Abe saw a soldier on the road. Abe had been fishing that day. He had caught a little fish. His mother had told him to be good to soldiers. He gave him the fish." On the back of the book jacket Random House remarks: "No book for the young reader can tell 'the whole story' but we believe we have presented as accurate a picture of three great American Presidents as *scholarship makes possible*" (italics mine). Ages 7-8.

Galileo. *By Arthur S. Gregor. Illustrated by George Giusti. Scribners.* 191 *pp.* $3.50. **Galileo Galilei: Space Pioneer.** *By Arthur S. Gregor. Illustrated by James W. Williamson. Macmillan.* 44 *pp.* $2.95. It seems a little strange to have the young Galileo discussing the stars and his future (1) in Florence when he was nine, (2) in Venice when he was eight, with portions of each discussion seeming to be the same. In fact, the reviewer's earth shakes under her feet.

How to compare the two books? The Scribners version is longer and in places more interesting. Arthur Gregor admits he has taken the liberty of creating several

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fictitious characters, which enables him to present classes as taught by Galileo. It is startling to find Galileo himself disclaiming the familiar legend of weights dropped from the Leaning Tower. As the Macmillan book is fully illustrated, it tries to give a scientific presentation—but did Galileo ever roll two balls down a stone balustrade? His actual apparatus is pictured on the preceding pages. Age levels: Book 1, 8-12. Book 2, 7-plus.

The Light Within: The Story of Maria Montessori. *By Nora Smaridge. Illustrated by Janet and Alec D'Amato. Hawthorn.* 172 *pp.* $2.95. It is difficult to think of girls reading this book unless they wish to become teachers. There is, however, some revival of the Montessori system. While I had, with my early training as a teacher, a short course in the "Montessori Method" by one who had studied with the *dottoressa* in Rome, and I later taught children's literature for a few years in a Montessori training school, I was not in sympathy with the method—perhaps because I was at that time thoroughly caught up in the "progressive" kindergarten. The Montessori method, with its emphasis on work rather than play, its endless tracing of sandpaper letters, did not seem as attractive as the kindergarten, with its emphasis on purposeful play.

This biography, though somewhat too admiring, has one section that young people of today would profit by reading: when Mussolini came to power in Italy, children donned their black shirts at age four and began military training. This closed the Montessori schools in the country. However, Mme. Montessori's travels after that are interesting.

The USA has never whole-heartedly received her: "An American professor of education could not grasp the method at all. When he asked Doctor Montessori how she taught four-and-a-half-year-olds to read, she replied, 'I give them the alphabet.' The professor was deeply offended. 'Nonsense!' he said. 'But I understand. Of course you won't give me your secret—you want to exploit it yourself.'" Did it happen?

Not well illustrated, the book is extremely anecdotal.

John Quincy Adams: Son of the American Revolution. *By Milton Lomask. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 147 *pp.* $2.95. "My Pappa enjoins it upon me to keep a Journal or Diary of the Events that happen to me. . . . Altho' I am convinced of the utility, importance, and necessity of this Exercise, yet I have not patience and perseverance enough to do it so constantly as I ought." So John Quincy wrote his "Honored Mama" when he was eleven. It was fortunate for historians and biographers that the Adams family were such diary-keepers, and that John Quincy finally gained the "patience and perseverance."

Milton Lomask seems to enjoy supporting the underdogs—first Andrew Johnson, now the second Adams. John Quincy was not considered a great President; the people would have preferred Andrew Jackson. In the last part of the book—"Old Man Eloquent"—the author is able, notably in the Armistad case, to give him his true place in the struggle for human liberty. Good bibliography and index. Ages 12-16.

Andrew Jackson. *By Margaret Coit. Illustrated by Milton Johnson. Houghton Mifflin.* 54 *pp.* $3.50. Any short biography of this turbulent President—"He was a man of his time, stamped boldly in the colors of his time"—is apt to make the reader feel breathless, and this one is no exception. Even the illustrations sway and swirl, though they are interesting. While the book is undoubtedly written for young people, it makes no concession to their age except perhaps in the number of pages.

"At the end did he have any regrets? Yes, he admitted to two. He wished he could have shot Henry Clay and hanged John C. Calhoun!" (The author won the 1951 Pulitzer Prize for *John C. Calhoun: American Portrait.*) Seemingly guiltless of imaginary conversations, this is a biography that presents the strengths and accomplishments of Jackson while admitting his weaknesses—and those of Rachel—thereby possibly giving balance to more romantic presentations.

"He had overdramatized himself and overexaggerated everything that had happened to him. Yet the very intensity with which he felt and saw dramatized the causes he believed in and made them the people's own." No age level given.

Queen Elizabeth I. *By Eileen Bigland. Criterion.* 151 *pp.* $3.50. Girls will undoubtedly enjoy this outspoken biography of Elizabeth I. Although no sources are given, the English author certainly used letters and other biographies. At times the book reads like a court scandal sheet—as did indeed the songs and ballads of the time. We read: "The only person against the plan [marriage] was Anjou himself—and one can scarcely blame him. He was just nineteen, sulky, self-indulgent . . . and the prospect of marriage to a woman eighteen years his senior with an ulcer on her leg, and a hated Protestant to boot, was utterly repugnant to him." How did he know that she had "an ulcer on her leg"?

Portions of this account probably give us a truer portrait of the Queen than we are accustomed to. No age level. (12 or 14-plus?)

I, Juan de Pareja. *By Elizabeth Borton de Treviño. Farrar, Straus & Giroux-Bell Books.* 180 *pp.* $3.25. While this is a "novel" and not a biography of Velázquez, it is one of the most interesting of the spring books presenting famous people. The story is theoretically written by Velázquez's slave, an artist, to whom the painter gave his freedom. An interesting angle. The author states in an afterword: "My story about Juan de Pareja will, I hope, be forgiven the liberties I have taken with known facts and the incidents I have invented. It will appeal, I hope, to young people of both white and Negro races, because the story of Juan de Pareja and Velázquez foreshadows in the lifetime of two men what we hope to achieve a millionfold today. Those two, who began in youth as master and slave, continued as companions in their maturity and ended as equals and friends." I find it a little difficult to believe that the King painted the decoration on the self-portrait of Velázquez after the artist's death, his hand guided by Juan. Nevertheless, a great deal of research plus an active imagination add up to a most readable book. Ages 12-16.

—*From "Galileo Galilei: Space Pioneer."*

Leonardo da Vinci. *By the editors of Horizon Magazine. Author, Jay Williams. Consultant, Bates Lowry. American Heritage Dist. by Harper & Row.* 153 *pp.* $3.95. Not a traditional biography, this is a pictoria and textual presentation of Leonardo a apprentice, artist, engineer, inventor, scientist, and universal man. "All of the eleven paintings generally attributed to Leonardo are reproduced in this book," as well a many sketches from his notebooks. Useful readable, interesting, it provides a good background for other books about Leonardo No age level given.

Crispus Attucks: Boy of Valor. *By Dharathula H. Melender. Bobbs-Merrill.* 200 *pp* $2.25. Who was Crispus Attucks? History written for schools has not usually said much about him. Now there is a children's book about the first man to be killed in the Boston Massacre. Working under the limitations of the series to which this belongs, which requires imaginary conversations and usually a built-up childhood, Dharathula Melender has done research that has resulted in an interesting picture of the life of a boy born of slave parents who was always longing for freedom. The author has been fair in her presentation of a Northern slave-master who, though "kind," is nevertheless baffled by Negroes not wanting to be slaves. Running away, Crispus goes to sea on a whaler. It is while his ship is in Boston harbor that he leads the mob attacking British soldiers and is shot down. A monument was erected the following year to the four who fell in the "Boston Massacre." There is one unlikely conversation between Crispus and his parents about his name, and there seems to be a slight confusion here. Was he called after the Christian St. Crispian, meaning "beautiful," or was he called Crispus because his hair was curly? It seems likely that he was called Crispus after a Jew of that name converted by St. Paul. Crispus means "curly." Many children will enjoy reading about Crispus Attucks. Ages 7-10

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Applying the first letter to the first half of the title, the second to the second half, and the third to the author AJC, BKJ, CHO, DFB, EBH, FIK GDE, HAF, ICM, JGI, KMA, LOD MLN, NEG, ONL.

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Greek Theater . . . in the Country

CORFU, GREECE.

HOW BEST to sense the wisdom, the sensitivity, and the poetry of ancient Greece? One can, of course, go at night to a rooftop restaurant where one can both look up at the Acropolis lit for its evening *son et lumiére* performance, and down on the lights of the spread-out city from which pulses a feeling of timelessness, and of the acceptance of fate by a people who have survived many cruel conquests. Still, Athens is a city and like all urban centers must suffer contamination by the complex of economic forces that make airports, hotels, factories, and office buildings similar wherever one goes. It is therefore most fortunate that the National Tourist Organization of Greece has undertaken to present events not just at the July 1 to September 26 International Athens Festival at the Greco-Roman Herod Atticus Theatre, but at more than fifty other towns and islands. For here we sit among the non-cosmopolitan Greek people to enjoy with them the plays and concerts. And when the play is an ancient Greek comedy or tragedy, we become part of a living connection between past and present.

The company that does this best is the Greek Art Theatre, whose founder and director, Karolos Koun, passionately and tirelessly pursues the near-impossible task of capturing the mystery and magnitude of the old plays and at the same time relating their emotional intensity to feelings and customs prevalent in today's Greece. Mr. Koun believes that the geography of this area, which is virtually unchanged from what it was 2,500 years ago, is a stronger influence on behavior than heredity, and he has concentrated on finding the emotional expression that is deep-rooted in the challenges the Greek condition presents to its people.

Here on the island of Corfu, a makeshift stage has been set up within an old but still garrisoned fortress. On it, the Greek Art Theatre offered on consecutive nights its productions of Aristophanes's comedy *The Birds* and Aeschylus's tragedy *The Persians*. These are the presentations which in the 1964 and 1965 World Theatre season in London drew the greatest praise from British critics, and which may visit America within the next couple of years.

The Birds is a delight. Because it uses many songs by Manos Hadjidakis (who wrote *Never on Sunday*) and is amusingly costumed by Yannis Tsarouchis, one is tempted to call it a musical comedy. But because Mr. Koun has insisted that the dances and songs come out of Greek customs, it has a more haunting and authentic effect than would a Broadway musical. Not that it is above using the most outrageous slapstick and exaggeration. The Athenian expatriate Peisthetairos, who sets out to create a new domain among the birds, wears a perpetually startled expression that makes it all the funnier when he appears not quite ever to believe his success and new-found power. When his companion, Evelpides, throws a stone he winds up not once but six times. The birds, too, are played with a style that somewhat resembles the dances of American Indians. However, later in the evening, they also dance in the unique manner of the contemporary Greeks. A second sort of satirical buffoonery is used by the various Athenians who show up wanting to introduce themselves and their old traditions into this new country. And a third kind of representation employing large masks identifies the Gods when they come to make terms with Peisthetairos. Nevertheless, none of these devices makes the characters seem artificial. Each is emotionally convincing within his or her fantasy.

Indeed, when this versatile company switches from comedy to tragedy, it is possible to recognize the same emotional conviction now put to more intense and violent purpose. In *The Persians* they

(*Continued on page 67*)

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1150

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1150 will be found in the next issue.

HLAHNFHCRH FO WTH CPVH HYHNKBCH SFYHO WB TFO VFOWPDHO.

BORPN ZFUIH

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1149

All our final resolutions are made in a state of mind which is not going to last.
—PROUST.

Cesare Pavese
Dialogues with Leucò
Translated by William Arrowsmith *and* D. S. Carne-Ross

Cesare Pavese takes us into the ancient world of Greek myth with the eyes of 20th-century man. On the hills of Thessaly and the sunlit beaches of Mediterranean islands, doomed heroes, immortal gods, and strange beasts come to life again—Orpheus and Eurydice, Leucothea and Ariadne, Prometheus and Dionysus, Achilles and Patroclus, satyrs and chimeras, centaurs and werewolves. Here in a series of imaginary dialogues Pavese adds new dimensions to the most enduring themes of man's experience. He reveals them as though for the first time.

166 pages $5.00

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Juvenal: Satires
Translated by Jerome Mazzaro *with Notes and Introduction by* Richard Braun

"Juvenal chronicled what might be called the *dolce vita* of the Roman Empire's declining civilization...there is in his *Satires* a profound sophistication, a variety of moods and nuances, all built upon and extending the classical tradition, even though his intent is often to deflate it. Militarist, office-holder, rhetorician, Juvenal knew the life of the court and of the study, as well as that of the back streets; his sixteen satires are portraits of metropolitan corruption, social-climbing antics, philosophic swindles....witty, pessimistic, wryly sententious...Mazzaro...gives us a vibrant, swift-moving rendering."
—Virginia Kirkus

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•

Fingers of Hermes: Poems
Radcliffe Squires

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—Library Journal

74 pages $3.95

The University of Michigan Press
Ann Arbor

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The Mauna Kea Caper

FOR WEEKS San Francisco's society editors had angled to get a list of the guests. In Honolulu the high-born and the merely highly placed nervously scanned the mail for the letter of invitation. In the Hawaii office of the coordinators the phone jingled and an ebullient matron from far-off Dallas cooed, "But dollin', we just have to go. It's the biggest thing this summer!"

The party that enlivened the dog days was Laurance Rockefeller's four-day bash, albeit circumspect, which opened his $15,000,000 Mauna Kea resort, sprawled at the foot of a snow-capped and hopefully dormant volcano on the northwest shore of Hawaii's Big Island. It was Rockefeller's first resort venture this far from his home base in the secure towers of New York's Rockefeller Center. Although the Rockefellers had developed resorts at Jackson Hole, Wyoming, in Puerto Rico, and in Virgin Gorda, St. John, and St. Croix in the Virgin Islands, the Mauna Kea caper is by far the most ambitious project. Indeed, from a standpoint of money spent and rooms available, it is certainly one of the most elaborate playlands ever constructed in the United States. The debut had to be just right.

In New York, United Airlines sent handpicked shepherds to guide a flock of thirty-three guests to Honolulu. Another cadre formed at San Francisco. It included no society editors—they, for once, had to fall back on travel editors invited from West Coast newspapers. But no gathering could have been more quaint than the assemblage that formed at Honolulu's domestic terminal to catch one of Hawaiian Airlines' special flights to the tiny town of Kamuela, nearest airport to Mauna Kea. Large economy-sized, poi-packed musicians in white flannels strummed soft melodies. Hula girls swiveled. Honolulu's matrons arrived in their tan-toasted straw hats held over from too many summers, and hopefully enlivened now with bright bands of dried flower leis. The Reverend Abraham Akaka, the Hawaiian minister who delves deeply to reach the mores of the old Sandwich Islanders, having tarried too long greeting friends and parishioners with a cheek-to-jowl Hawaiian kiss, had to scurry for his plane, a booklet on Christ sticking out of his black pocket. The plane stopped at Maui and picked up the Baldwins, who can trace their lineage back to the earliest religionists, and by then the descendants of the old families were happily chatting together in their Groton and Kennedy-Boston accents, saying *hee-ah* for here and *they-ah* for there and faltering with nervous anticipation at the new boy from the East and what he had wrought.

The small planes came to earth in the ranch town of Kamuela, seat of the Parker Ranch, largest privately owned spread in the U.S. The stretch-outs descended through the beige grass and the gingerbread houses that are meant to recreate the look of the Hawaiian Monarchy era, and rolled downhill to the sea's edge. There at the portal stood a varnished Hawaiian doorman done up in a white, silk-gauze coat edged in red-and-gold braid, an inspiration from officials' robes worn at the old Siamese court in the days of Anna and before. On his head, somewhat uneasily, was a crown of fresh flowers laid there in remembrance of Polynesia.

The high-vaulted halls were either Aztec or reminiscent of the manor house of some Scottish laird, depending upon how they moved you. Soon they were filled with chiefs, "looking," as one lady said, "as if they had gathered from all the corners of the kingdom for feasting and celebration." Among the feasters were Douglas Dillon and John McCone, formerly employed in government; Leonard and Harvey Firestone, who had sponsored the Big Three golf match over Mauna Kea's brilliant course; Robert Trent Jones, who had designed it; publishers Henry Luce and Clare, and Gardner Cowles; Andrew Heiskell, chairman of the board of Time, Inc.; Melville Grosvenor, editor of *National Geographic*; and Lawrence Lane, who made *Sunset*, the magazine of Western living, what it is today. From the podium came André Kostelanetz, from Washington Hawaii's Senator Hiram Fong and Representative Spark Matsunaga. Out from the coast came George Killion, head of such diverse ventures as American President Lines and MGM. And one day when a foursome went out to play golf, it included Terrell Drinkwater, president of Western Airlines, William Patterson, president of United Airlines, Floyd Hall, president of Eastern Airlines, and Killion. President Jack Magoon of Hawaiian Airlines had to satisfy himself with unpresidential playmates.

Those who had read the official advance descriptions were expecting "the simple comforts of a great house." The high-powered assemblage that put down on the shore at Mauna Kea found one of the greatest great houses ever conceived by anyone less than a Pharaoh. Its modest 154 rooms are spread out along three long floors, and at that are scattered around courtyards and galleries brightened with oases of ferns and palms. Birds, hanging here and there in their lacework white cages imported from Tunisia, squawk and caw, summoning far-off recollections of some backwater retreat in Mexico. The corridors are broad enough to launch a modest parade. Nor have the architects, Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, taken anything away from the enormous terraces that look either to sea or to the velvet lawn of the golf course. Oddly, there are no suites, perhaps in emphasis of "the simple comforts." But then, neither is there enough room to store clothes in drawers, or to hang them. The management dismisses all this as idle twaddle. Maids will be trained to unpack bags and store the luggage out of sight. Rockefeller is more concerned with the great halls and lofted ceilings. "Architects build memorials to themselves," he has said. "This thing got out of hand." At that, Skidmore and company were the second architects to try their hand at Mauna Kea. John Carl Warnecke, the first appointee, who had been a Kennedy confidant (and later did the Kennedy gravesite memorial), was called in to make the preliminary studies. He was soon relieved and Skidmore, Owings & Merrill brought in. Their first effort was a one-room igloo finished with specially made findings. It cost better than $200,000, but after a one night's trial Rockefeller had it leveled.

WHATEVER the criticisms, either by guests or by the boss himself, Mauna Kea is a splendid park, done with understated good taste, offering dramatic aspects from every balustrade, and nothing but the best. The rooms have been paved with clay-hued tiles, fitted with wicker furniture from Italy, a teak counter from Hong Kong, framed collections of seashells, bright, rough bedspreads, and pillows covered in bold checks. Theatrical bulbs edge the mirror in the bath, and pottery mugs from Japan substitute artfully for drinking glasses.

To relieve the long halls and walls, Rockefeller sent Skidmore's Davis Allen, who had worked on the Istanbul Hilton, off to the East to buy artifacts. He returned with a collection that cost about $90,000 and included a Siamese Garuda (twin teak figures glistening with glass chips) that sits in the lobby and relieves the long view of the sea. Guests enter the lobby between a pair of bronze disciples of Buddha called Mokala, finished in gold leaf on top of black lacquer. Across an expanse of blue Italian tile stand the weird, elongated figures with which the Chawos normally decorate

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VULCAN, A.D. MCMLXV

If the Roman god, Vulcan, were around today, that extraordinary ironworker might be astounded by the feats which his modern counterparts are performing —and *without* the use of supernatural powers.

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their ceremonial houses in distant New Guinea.

The wall opposite the elevators on the first bedroom-floor has been decorated with a collection of brass temple-toys from India. Near the gallery railing stands a Japanese wooden horse-on-wheels ridden by children at festivals. Tables in a first-floor grouping are war drums. Pressed flat on a second-floor wall, as if its occupant had been run over by a steamroller, are costumes of the Ainu tribes, a mysterious Caucasian group from Hokkaido in northern Japan. Some scholars have suggested that the Ainus emigrated many centuries ago from Polynesia, lending a certain relationship, however stretched, to the appearance of the odd costumes in Hawaii.

The brass-studded chests coveted by tourists in the days when tourists could journey to Zanzibar decorate the halls, and Hawaiian needlework quilts, looking somewhat bedroomy for my tastes, are hung like tapestries along the corridor walls. Japanese *tansu* chests in brilliant red lacquer stand along the galleries, and Japanese wooden fish used as gate knockers relieve the second-floor elevator lobby. Even the pathway to the bather's elevator has not failed to escape the decorator's eye. It is lined with New Guinea warrior shields.

Standing inside the giant structure, with its broad galleries, its long railings with wide bannisters, and the sea views out the windows, it is not hard to imagine that the whole place is six days out of San Francisco standing for Yokohama. Most of the public activities are stretched along a flagstone-covered deck known as the Prom level. Flower shops with rare leis and unusual dried-flower hatbands, beauty shops and barber shops and a store with an international array of clothes and bric-a-brac face the Prom-level elevators. The Prom deck leads to a bar set along a terrace overhanging a deep-blue pool and the long, curving beach below. Guests can change in the locker rooms, lie prone on surfboards fitted with glass panels to view the fish, take Sailfish skittering out across the bay. A buffet is laid out on the terrace every day and a resident sous-chef broils giant hamburgers.

Serious gastronomy is presented in a glass-walled pavilion on the other end of the Prom deck. An understated salon with spare trimmings, it is laid out in three levels so that all the audience can look down on the sea and up to the mountains, taking nourishment from nature, a nutrient to which Laurance Rockefeller is passionately addicted. The menus are among the most unusual ever seen in Hawaii, a locale, despite its huge tourist business, that has not exactly immortalized itself in the halls of epicurea. A typical evening might bring a selection of such entrées as *Si Jop Lung Har* (sliced lobster in black bean sauce), Swiss *Morelle* omelet, baked chicken in a pineapple shell with coconut milk, *Holstein Schnitzel*, roast beef and broiled turkey. Every menu offers, in addition, an entire Pacific menu—Cantonese, Hawaiian, Manilan, Japanese, or Korean.

On nights that suit the fancy of Chef Walter Blum, who has labored ten years with the Rockefellers and before that with the Arizona Biltmore in Phoenix, the Pacific plates are removed in favor of a Menu Français, a Heidelberg dinner, or a Bavarian dinner. For those not on the American plan, the price is $6.50 no matter the nationality of the menu.

The second night at Mauna Kea, Rockefeller took his 300 guests to a luau at North Park, a point of land below the hotel cleared of kiawe trees and set now with tables under the moon. It was a rather civilized luau as luaus go, since it offered slices of roast beef along with the traditional *imu*-cooked pig. The entertainment was amateur but the talent was notable. The Republican mayor of Honolulu unfolded the rather inhibited hula he is known to perform at parties, luaus, and public gatherings, and the former Republican Governor, William Quinn, now president of the Dole Pineapple Company, unlimbered a smooth rendition of "Blue Hawaii."

For the dedication luncheon the next day the 300 weekend guests were augmented by nearly 500 day-trippers—managers of other hotels, heads of companies, and members of the legislature. The politicians were sent air tickets by Mr. Rockefeller. The ladies came in white gloves and wide hats, some banded with real flower leis. Chef Blum created a buffet worthy of the Hotel du Cap or Le Coq Hardi, a tent fly was spread over the esplanade by the sea, and the Reverend Abraham Akaka gave it the three-dollar wedding with all the flourishes. He sprinkled sacred spring water poured from a bowl that once belonged to Kamehameha the Great, the conqueror of the islands, who had erected a temple here, albeit to a pagan god, nearly 200 years ago. As 800 stood, Mr. Akaka discoursed on history, called the new hotel a product of giants "who walk and talk on the same coastline where trod the giants of yesteryear." Then he blessed the Rockefellers, the architects, the builders, the designers, the contractors, and the staff.

Rockefeller, decked in ropes of *maile* leaves and flower leis, stood on the podium under the shade of the tent, and thanked Mr. "Ah-kah-kah," as he called him in his Eastern-educated accents. He talked of Hawaii's potentials, of the lovely beach site he had chosen,

(*Continued on page 67*)

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The Creative Compromise

IT IS no secret that movies are made up of literally thousands of bits and pieces of celluloid, often shot out of sequence, frequently manipulated through editing into contexts wholly unanticipated at the time they were photographed. Indeed, one of the marvels of moviemaking is the sense of flow and continuity that, in spite of all this, generally marks the completed work. Another is the consistency of character, or at least of characterization, that is sustained from shot to shot, a consistency embracing everything from details of dress to pitch of emotion. Because film is so much the director's medium, it is he who receives the credit when the feat has been achieved with any distinction—while the actor is most often the target when the stunt fails to come off.

Actually, the film-making process is far more complicated than that. Behind each of the seconds-long shots lies a myriad of decisions; and of those who must ultimately make these decisions, the director is only one. The actor may complain that he cannot read his lines as written. The cameraman may insist that his setup is better than that lined up by the director. The sound man may disapprove of the track on the particular take that the director favors. All sorts of reasons can motivate these disputes—an honest difference of opinion, artistic integrity, or simply a testing of relative strengths in the hierarchy of production. But their solution always takes place in the shadow of the studio clock, which ticks away at thousands of dollars a minute. Inevitably, it influences the ultimate decision. In a scene that runs but a few seconds anyway, how important could it possibly be if the actor changes a line or two, if the camera is a little to the right or to the left?

The answer, I am afraid, is that no one really notices, no one really cares—and yet, as these compromises creep into the production shot by shot, the story begins to lose focus, character motivations grow obscure, and the completed film generates less pleasure than puzzlement.

Such, all too clearly, has been the case with *Morituri*, yet another backward glance at World War II, co-starring Marlon Brando and Yul Brynner. Unlike so many of the recent films on this subject, however, *Morituri* seems to want to say something, to have a point of view. Early in the picture Brando, playing a Nazi officer who has run off to India to avoid service in the Wehrmacht, delivers an exceptionally telling speech about the futility of war. Brynner, the anti-Nazi captain of a German merchant ship, is no less eloquent in his outbursts against the inhumanity of war in general, and the Nazis' methods of waging it in particular. Janet Margolin, as a captured Jewess being shipped back to Germany, personifies the degradation and animal-like distrust that war can breed in people. Indeed, the film is filled with details illustrating the corruptive, corrosive consequences of war to the human spirit.

But these details emerge curiously askew in a melodrama that unsuccessfully mixes three parts straight action with one part philosophy. Brando, whose specialty is demolitions, is blackmailed by British Intelligence into boarding the *Ingo* to prevent the scuttling of its precious cargo of rubber when, later, the boat will be intercepted by Allied warships. The first half of the picture, therefore, finds Brando posing as an SS officer, and surreptitiously snipping the wires that lead to the demolition charges below decks. When a submarine deposits Miss Margolin and perhaps a dozen American seamen on board, however, he promptly plans to take over the ship with their help, plus that of several other anti-Nazis providentially scattered among the crew. The plot fails, the girl is brutally murdered by an officer, and Brando spends the remainder of the picture frantically replacing the charges. But what causes all these abrupt about-faces, no one ever knows for sure.

NO one is completely to blame. Aaron Rosenberg, the producer, ordered the elimination of certain scenes that he felt impeded the pace and excitement of the story. Bernhard Wicki, the talented director, concentrated on ingenious, fluid camera movements and strikingly lit, richly textured shots when actors like Brando and Miss Margolin insisted on building their own characterizations. Daniel Taradash, one of Hollywood's most respected writers, provided at least half a dozen drafts of his script, but was powerless to prevent his star from inventing new lines, and even new scenes. Marlon Brando, it must be admitted, presents in *Morituri* the most interesting and persuasive performance he has delivered in years. But somehow, in the compromises to achieve it, the very essence of what made the film seem worth doing largely disappeared.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

The Poor Darlings

MOVIES, which depend, for much of their trade, upon the incessant glamorization of the female, seem intent on revealing to all of us the vanity of vanity. The latest example of this apparently suicidal tendency is the British film *Darling*, which traces the worldly and sexual career of a good-looking model who is bent upon enjoying and experiencing life to the full. After a successful spell as a model, after several fun affairs and escapades, the poor girl ends up as the wife of an Italian prince, mistress to his villa and six children, neglected, bored, and lonely. The warning is clear to young women possessed of pretty faces and lissome figures: Watch out! You, too, may have to spend your life waited upon hand and foot, neglected by the husband you didn't give a damn about anyway. Yes, you can hop over to London now and then for a meeting with an old, discarded lover, but he's not going to respect you any more. And life for you will be empty, empty.

If the message in *Darling* is no great shakes, if the basic material seems fadedly familiar, the film-making itself is decidedly clever, representative of the new, subtle look in British film-making. John Schlesinger, the director, revealed his individuality in *A Kind of Loving* and *Billy Liar*, and he is fully as nonconformist and, at times, striking, in this case. He gives a keen, satirical glint to his scenes of London jet-set life; he visits the promotional cocktail parties, the charity affairs, the gambling clubs; he examines the leering pseudo-sophistication of the world of advertising, television, and movies, finding this world, in the symbolic person of Laurence Harvey, thoroughly and lecherously corrupt.

As representative of the more sincere aspect of this life there is Dirk Bogarde, serious television reporter and writer of articles. With tape-recorder and typewriter he conscientiously does his job, and it is unfortunate for him that he encounters the hip, swinging model, who is played with just a little too much intelligence and refinement by Julie Christie (one of the new crop of British actresses currently being built up and glamorized.) Soon he has left his wife and children and is bedded down with the model. But she can't stand the incessant clack-clack of the typewriter, and as her face fills billboards across the

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Some Relevant Religion

LATE-NIGHT telephone-radio programs, in which listeners are invited to call up local stations for conversations with hosts that are heard on the air, have been growing in popularity. The insomniac may ask an honest question, deliver a harangue, or indulge in exhibitionism. Now long-distance telephone operators are becoming involved. The first national-audience telephone-radio program, *Night Call*, has been on the air since April. At the beginning, two Methodist ministers and one layman acted as a team of hosts in Baltimore, Des Moines, and Salt Lake City. Linked in a small network, they interviewed guests during a 2 A.M. (Baltimore time), fifty-five-minute program, and took calls from listeners, mostly in their respective areas, but occasionally from more distant parts of the country. Callers paid their own charges ($1 for three minutes).

In the past month, the format of *Night Call* has been changed, and listeners are being invited to call collect to a telephone number in Detroit, where the new version originates. Russell Gibb, a lay broadcaster, has replaced the former three-host team. WBAL, Baltimore (1090 kc), WHO, Des Moines (1040 kc), and KSL, Salt Lake City (1160 kc), still comprise the basic network. They are all clear-channel (50,000 watt) stations; at night, in good weather they can be heard a thousand miles away and together they furnish basic national coverage. The Reverend Stanley F. Knock, Jr., who produces *Night Call* for the Television, Radio, and Film Commission (TRAFCO) of the Methodist Church, expects that direct feeds to more than a dozen radio stations, including Atlanta, San Francisco, Boston, and Philadelphia, will shortly enlarge an audience estimated in the hundreds of thousands.

For people who use the radio to fill their sleepless hours, *Night Call* is an oasis of intelligent talk in a desert of local telephone shows, where most of the time the conversation is a blasting of prejudice and a pooling of ignorance. For the Methodist Church (which is presenting the program through the Broadcasting and Film Commission of the National Council of Churches), the regular, five-nights-per-week show is an experiment in "better Protestant radio programing." The Methodists are budgeting $90,000 a year in production and line charges to reach this untried "market" for religious broadcasting. It's an imaginative enterprise. Religious programs conventionally travel the back roads of radio's territory. Here TRAFCO is thrusting into the mainstream of the reduced nighttime traffic where the audience may be more receptive to "concerned" conversation.

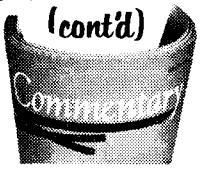
Nighttime radio listeners may be troubled, thoughtful, lonely. This is not devotional or proselytizing broadcasting. The church is meeting its audience in the secular arena. Subjects range from such topics as "Red China's Nuclear Potential" and "Birth Control in India" to "What Teen-Agers Are Reading" and "Is Fiction Getting Dirtier?" Union members jammed the switchboards when right-to-work laws were discussed. I heard a woman caller lambaste a bishop for the church's social gospel and the National Council of Churches' opposition to the House Un-American Activities Committee. Another woman caller argued with a librarian about the "filth" in *Catcher in the Rye* and *The King Must Die*. The program seeks to give secular dialogue an ethical, moral, nondenominational religious dimension.

Listeners often hear their own views expressed by people like themselves who are not experts; this may give them a feeling of community. If they hear contrary opinions, the dissonance is challenging and may stretch their minds. The new lay host is reputed to be "a shade more irreverent" than the ministers who preceded him; the producer hopes this will make for sprightlier talk. In this small conflict between Christian concern and show biz, however, lies the program's main weakness. Not all callers are lucid and reasonable. The hosts, in the past, have occasionally dealt rather summarily with a caller who made little contribution to the dialectic. This is necessary if more calls are to be answered and the show kept from bogging down. Yet the Christian dialogue calls for maintaining the connection, for patient persuasion. If the host is unable to do this, he should compensate by taking up the points left by the brushed-off caller. This requires generalized knowledge and skill in relating what has been said to the guest expert; otherwise the calls become fragments appended to the main dialogue between host and guest. Ideally, they should be woven into the totality of the conversation. Anyone interested in testing the new host might jot down *Night Call's* telephone number in Detroit—313-846-6601. Call collect.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Commentary*

higher education (cont'd)



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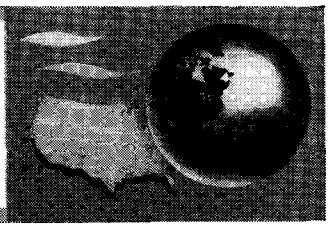
As Others See Us



LONDON:

Goals in Vietnam

MOST LIKELY THE American military commitment in Vietnam will exceed in the end any of the estimates now being bandied about. The difficulties—physical, psychological, and political—of campaigning there are such that it is hard to set any particular limit on what may be needed to accomplish what the United States is setting out to do. Basically the Administration feels that its credit in the world as an ally and protector is at issue in Vietnam, that the Communists are very close to winning, and that it cannot allow them to win, whatever the cost. The effort now being planned is an effort to restore the situation within the present rules—that is, without using air power to destroy the centers of population or the economy of North Vietnam, without carrying the land campaign north, and without attacking China as long as China does not intervene directly. . . .

Within these general limits, there are different opinions about the strategic doctrine to be applied. Evidently there is to be a string of American base areas or strong points spaced along the South Vietnamese coast, adequately engineered and manned, relying securely on supply by sea with air transport as a supplement. One doctrine sees the perimeters of these base areas being pushed gradually outward until eventually the whole country, or the main centers of population, are secured. Others think this is too rigid and not realistic; they see mobile forces sallying out from their bases to fight wherever the Vietcong show themselves in sufficient strength. This seems to be closer to what will really happen. A static campaign behind fixed lines would not fit the national temperament or correspond to American military habit. But any plan will perforce be modified in action. All that is certain is that it will cost a lot and take a long time.

—*The Economist.*

TORONTO:

Plain Talk

HAS CANADA ANY RIGHT publicly to criticize the policies of the United States, or should it keep quiet when it disagrees with its big neighbor?

Livingston Merchant, former U.S. ambassador to Canada, and Arnold Heeney, former Canadian ambassador to Washington, are both advocates of the buttoned-up lip. In their report on Canadian-American relations they recommend that Canada avoid public criticism of the United States on critical world issues in which Canada is not directly involved.

This is a proposition that Canadians cannot accept. It is true that the United States is carrying a heavy load of responsibility in the world today and that Canada itself owes its security to American protection. Canadian critics often do not keep these facts sufficiently in mind. Nevertheless, the government of Canada has a right—and must insist on retaining it—to disagree publicly with the policies of the United States even when it has no direct or special interest in the issue.

The fact is that any action taken by the United States in what the report calls "critical world issues" is bound to affect Canada, even though this country may have no treaty obligations, trade connections, or other direct interests in the area involved.

Vietnam, for example, is about as far from Canada, in every sense of the word, as any country on the globe. Yet the decision of the United States to intensify the war in South Vietnam and to bomb North Vietnam has created serious dangers for this country.

If this process of escalation should lead to a general nuclear war, Canada would be among the first nations to be hit by the missiles. With this in mind, Prime Minister Pearson was surely justified in urging Washington to go slow on the bombing attacks.

"Silence gives consent," and it may create an entirely wrong impression of Canada's views on current American policies if we remain mute.

Canada did not protest officially, for example, over the American landings in the Dominican Republic. Yet few Canadians are prepared to accept the "Johnson Doctrine" that the U.S. has a right to intervene with armed force anywhere in the Americas.

Between nations, as between individuals, plain speaking is sometimes the only way to avoid misunderstandings that can destroy friendship.

—*Toronto Daily Star.*

—*Polish Weekly.*

"New Presidential Chair"

MONTREAL:

The American War

THE *New York Times* reports that, in Saigon, it is viewed as definite that the United States will assume the main burden of fighting the Vietcong. This is the logical consequence of what has been happening in Vietnam.

Although it can still win occasional victories, the South Vietnamese army is a defeated army. If it had not already had immense American assistance, in the form of air power and ground power, it would have collapsed before now. The same is true of the South Vietnamese government. With coup d'état following coup d'état, it is difficult to believe it would have survived without the United States to stiffen its backbone.

The United States has evidently seen this takeover approaching for some time. As a result, it has slowly but surely been building up a very considerable military establishment in South Vietnam.

There is probably nothing else the United States can do, things being as they are. President Johnson has so firmly pledged his country to keep South Vietnam out of Communist hands that any failure would now be regarded as a terrible defeat and humiliation for the United States.

Thus, as the South Vietnamese government and armed forces become more of a vacuum, the United States must take their place. What started out as a strictly South Vietnamese cause is likely to end—one way or the other—as a primarily American cause.

—*Montreal Gazette.*

MILAN:

How Many Troops?

THE PRESS SAYS that Washington is now pessimistic about the situation [in Vietnam]. The fact is that the situation is even more serious than Washington imagines. The head of the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam told a correspondent of the *Rheinischer Merkur,* "The Americans will need 2,000,000

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men to achieve their purpose." Up to a certain point governments and general staffs rule over a war; later the war rules over them. The American government may have to take very serious action in order to save its expeditionary force. —*Augusto Guerriero in the Corriera della Sera.*

BUDAPEST:

Growing Crisis?

IN A FEW MONTHS all of President Johnson's strategic and political concepts have completely collapsed. And as General Taylor's plans were all part of the American governmental policy, the change of ambassador in Saigon suggests the crisis of Vietnam policy in the White House. The President himself has confirmed this, but the person of the new ambassador, Henry Cabot Lodge, shows that Washington is looking for a way out of the escalation of the war.

Cabot Lodge is a Republican, and although he belongs to the liberal wing of the present American opposition, the whole Republican Party demands the extension of the aggression. The fact that President Johnson has once again employed a Republican politician reflects also his internal political difficulties. . . . More and more signs show that the Vietnamese crisis permeates the whole of American life. . . . —*Kossuth.*

WARSAW:

Strategy of Escalation

IT IS ADMITTED in Washington that the U.S. is having to cope with increasing difficulties; Vietnam brings greater and greater losses, creates decisive resistance, and increases the risk for the U.S. itself.

However, as has happened before in the history of imperialist aggression, the U.S. strategy of escalation, once set in motion, will continue on its way; and now the leaders of U.S. policy announce, in violation of sound judgment, that they will continue their action in Southeast Asia until their goal is reached. . . .

However, at the same time, taking into consideration the growing concern of world opinion . . . , Washington hints, time after time, at readiness for negotiations. However, in the mind of U.S. politicians these negotiations should take place under the threat of falling bombs. . . . —*Radio Warsaw.*

BUENOS AIRES:

Rising Opposition

THE WAR IN VIETNAM is being intensified every single day. . . . President Johnson must maneuver with great care in the face of a rising opposition. . . . The shadows projected by the Vietnamese problem are getting darker. —*Clarin.*

The World Remembers Adlai Stevenson

ADLAI STEVENSON was an American whom America shared with the world. For millions of people he represented what America ought to be—its intellect, its culture and wit, its wisdom, and its grace under the terrible pressure of duty.

For his own nation's intellectual youth he was the knight, sans peur, sans reproche, who rode into national political battle with a hole in his shoe, a jest on his tongue, and, always, too few votes in his pocket.

But while Adlai Stevenson never reached the power for which he yearned, his impact was enormous. His was a call for justice within America's borders and an understanding of the historic revolution that is sweeping the have-not world. He was a man of vast eloquence and he used it to become a spokesman of an enlightened United States.
—*Toronto Daily Star.*

FATE, THE OFTEN HARD fortunes of political war, denied to Adlai Stevenson the prize of his country's Presidency. It was a prize which to many seemed to be his by divine right of intellect. For not since Woodrow Wilson had anyone appeared on the American political scene who combined in his character so much of scholarship and eloquence with conscience, plus other gifts (lacking in Wilson) which compel affection.

But these were not enough in a democratic society to overcome national veneration for the war hero Dwight D. Eisenhower, nor enough to gain his party's third Presidential nomination over one with the style and organizational genius of a John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Well could Adlai Stevenson have said with James Shirley, "There is no armor against fate." —*Ottawa Journal.*

PERHAPS THE BRITISH were as biased in favor of his use of wit, style, and subtlety as many Americans were biased against it. Perhaps he spoke an idealistic rather than a practical language. Perhaps he was too honest, and could be fully admired only by those not too directly involved in the occasions for his honesty. —*Glasgow Herald.*

THE DEATH OF Adlai Stevenson represents a loss to the world as well as to the United States of its most brilliant mind. Even President Kennedy did not accord him just recognition when he passed him over in selecting a Secretary of State. In Stevenson the world loses one of the last voices of reason to which it was still inclined to listen
—*Fraenkische Landeszeitung, Ansbach, West Germany.*

IF FAILURE, meaning failure in the face of heavy commitment, can be called tragic, then Adlai Stevenson—with all his natural elegance, his quick wit, and his gracious urbanity—was a tragic figure. . . . But his failure was productive. For while decisive successes were denied him, he had such a strong influence on America that his sojourn on earth was more telling than that of many who won the highest prize. —*Die Welt, Hamburg.*

ADLAI EWING STEVENSON was an uncommon American. Twice candidate for President, he combined intellectual acuity with irony of self and strength of will with recognition of his own limitations. . . . As Western intellect and humanist thinker, Stevenson will remain the spokesman for that minority of his countrymen who place personal dignity above the mass and who accept nothing at face value other than the basic truths of freedom and honor. —*Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung, Frankfurt.*

HE DIED FULL OF disappointments, yet his life has left a mark that will not be eradicated. Abroad he came to represent that aspect of his country which most sustains foreign confidence in the fundamental virtue of its intentions even when its actions seem wrong. Through all the placid confidence of the Eisenhower era, and the clumsy crusades of Mr. Dulles, he reminded the world that there was another America—sensitive, self-critical, thoughtful, and visionary. At home he kept the light of intellect burning through a period when it was not fashionable to think. He restored faith in a profession which had come to be regarded as rough, and even disreputable. He came to represent for many the conscience of his country. —*The Times, London.*

MR. STEVENSON MIGHT have been a great President, but he was not sufficiently endowed with the homely vote-catching qualities that please the mass electorate. As Kennedy became the symbol of youth of the twentieth century, of the "New Frontier," Stevenson projected the image of a liberal, an intellectual, and an internationalist. He was independent in judgment and candid in speech. He never played up to his audiences or talked down to them. —*The Scotsman, Edinburgh.*

OF ALL HIS SERVICES, perhaps the greatest is the most intangible—to have raised decisively the whole standard of debate in America about domestic as well as foreign issues. He thought it the duty of candidates for high office to treat the people not as fourteen-year-olds but as adults, to challenge them in the confidence that reason and imagination would always win a response. —*The Daily Telegraph, London.*

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Johann Strauss on the Freeway

LOS ANGELES.

FOR THE first-time visitor, the new Pavilion (Music Center) at the Civic Center has a distinction even beyond the striking beauty of its exterior—it is the only theater known to me in which you have tears in your eyes on the way *in*. This may have been a consequence of electing a sunny afternoon in August for the first-time visit, but it could hardly be said that it was the first day that a mention of smog on the radio was accompanied by the words "light eye irritation."

Whether or not it is a site for sore eyes, the Pavilion site is part of a monumental plan that will eventually make Los Angeles and the millions (now pressing eight) who live within its accessible range even prouder than they are of their (sometimes) fair city. Flanking it on the left is the striking wafer-like construction that houses the Department of Water and Power, with ample water for all the fountains that play about it. On the left side of the rectangle, looking down the slope to the towering City Hall, is an imposing County Office building. It faces across an open plaza to the Los Angeles County Court House, which is suitably judicial for the name it bears.

As of now, the plaza is a maze of excavations and poured concrete boxes, but when it is all completed it will provide a handsomely landscaped surface for further parking facilities to supplement those already in being under the Pavilion. Together they should provide sufficient space not only for the needs of the public buildings, but also for the public that will attend the other two facilities of the Music Center, which are currently under construction.

For those habituated to New York's Lincoln Center, the only manifestation of community pride comparable to this one since Venice's Piazza San Marco, there are some immediate likes as well as differences. Standing alone, as it now does, the Pavilion has a sweep and architectural individuality (creditable, of course, to its creator, Welton Becket) not inherent in any of the matching shells of the Philharmonic Hall, State Theater, or Metropolitan Opera. Conceived further as the major focus for an operatic future as well as a symphonic present, it embodies a degree of decorative harmony and pictorial embellishment vastly beyond the completed structures in Lincoln Center. When the new Metropolitan is opened approximately a year hence, the judgment may have to be revised. On its own, however, the Pavilion, complete with rooftop restaurant, downstairs grill and coffee shop, multiple bars, and a Founders' Club, is a picturesque embodiment of life as it is lived in these many-splendored parts. The sole aspect that struck me as grandiosely tasteless is the Founders' Club, a spacious room heavy with plush and complete with a full-length portrait of Mrs. Norman Chandler, whose leadership was an indispensable part of the fulfilment.

THERE is, however, an inescapable aspect in which the two Centers are polar twins of the automated age. The approaches are designed to expedite access from the freeways that curl away to the horizon, swallowing up the oncoming hoards of cars into the circular stomach of an eight-level garage. But there is, really, more consideration for the machines than for the humans who occupy them. Once they are at rest, no harm can come to vehicles, but it is only then that trouble begins for their occupants. As is exactly the case in New York, the Los Angeles operation leaves almost everything to mute signs and confusing printed instructions. There is an Eton-collared youth standing guard at the Founders' Club entrance to repel any but the licensed gentry, and a guide attired in a fashion that resembles an Aussie soldier may eventually be encountered at ground level, but getting there is much of the battle.

Access to the auditorium itself is humanely arranged, with sparkling chandeliers (not all, we are told, in tribute to Mrs. Chandler, and some obtained from a film studio) in the beautifully colored gold-and-white foyers leading the way to graded ramps flanking the inside. The seats are arranged in the same aisleless rows as those in Lincoln Center's State Theater. Here, however, they are a few extra inches apart, so that the muted "Pardon me's" are less necessary than in New York. But the sell-out of civilized convenience on behalf of the small quantity of extra seats thus obtained is no less a cavalier blemish on the West Coast than the East.

After all this, the auditorium itself is partially pleasure, partially disappointment. I was gratified by the relatively low, rectangular shape of the proscenium, which made an attractive frame for the theatrical presentation currently on display, but not so much by the three rings or balconies that recede into seeming infinity. The first is fronted by the Founders' Circle of loges that take the place of boxes, and are doubtless excellent for sight as well as sound. But the areas above suggest rather more of the cinematic scheme than the musico-theatrical. In this particular community, that would hardly rank as a valid objection.

In terms of the current attraction, a redo of the work originally known as *Waltzes from Vienna* and even better known (as a stage production and film) as *The Great Waltz*, the Pavilion is a practically perfect showplace. I have no way of judging its generally acclaimed success as a home for the Los Angeles Philharmonic, but in terms of the requirements of the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera it could hardly be better. Skilful amplification carried the voices easily to the capacity audience.

All the voices were consistently audible, whether such robust ones as Giorgio Tozzi's, Jean Fenn's, and Frank Porretta's (which didn't need help), or those of Anita Gillette, Leo Fuchs, and Eric Brotherton (which did). In a kind of in-between category was Wilbur Evans, who has traded in his days as a romantic lead for the prospect of years as a character performer and is doing very well at it.

As for the work itself, it has been metamorphosed more than a little in this present adaptation by Robert Wright and George Forrest of the adaptation by Moss Hart and Milton Lazarus of Erich Wolfgang Korngold's adaptation of Willner, Reichert, and Marischka's *Waltzes from Vienna*. How much it resembles the Vienna original I have no way of knowing, but it resembles a whole coterie of operettas from *Blossom Time* on, in representing a great composer as no different, really, from you or me. Here the stress is on the resistance of Johann, Sr., to the aspirations of the son who eventually exceeded his father's fame. But it strikes me that the cards are slightly stacked by offering, as an early evidence of the son's "throttled" talent, a vocal version of the *Emperor Waltz*, which the real Johann, Jr., achieved only after years of lesser efforts.

However, this is as unrealistic an objection as the argument that motors are treated better than humans in these new cultural complexes. Each takes the average visitor out of his normal environment into a never-never-land in which all the girls are pretty, the Oliver Smith version of Vienna is more saccharine than Sacherine, and the air inside is better than it is outside. I hope to come back someday when Zubin Mehta and the Los Angeles Philharmonic are in residence, but that prospect is certainly more inviting now than when they operated in the bygone Philharmonic Auditorium.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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EDUCATION AROUND THE WORLD

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Next month's Education Supplement will appear in the second week, dated September 11. In October it will return to its usual spot in the third issue of the month.

This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Fund for the Advancement of Education. The editors of SR retain responsibility for the contents.
Correspondence intended for the Education Supplement should be addressed to: Editor, Education Supplement, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

White House Conference: Harbinger of Change

THERE MAY have been some confusion about the purpose of last month's White House Conference on Education, but there is no doubt about what it accomplished. At the opening general session, Administration spokesmen defined the participants' assignment in such phrases as "an agenda for the nation's future course in education" and "a blueprint for action." But Conference Chairman John Gardner quickly set the record straight. "This conference is not designed to produce resolutions," he said. "It is not designed to recommend legislation. It *is* designed to tap the opinion of educational leadership and to make that opinion known to the President."

What this deliberately vague statement of purpose tended to obscure was that the conference had both a political and professional purpose. Politically, the conference was designed to provide a body of expert opinion to document the need for future legislative programs. Very likely this purpose was adequately served by the simple fact that the conference was held. Professionally, the conference was designed to expose the participants —in large part academic specialists—to the crucial issues with which education must grapple in the years immediately ahead, and to offer an opportunity for free and vigorous give and take on how these issues should be approached. On this score it appears that the conference was less successful. Although in a few cases the hoped-for presentation of daring ideas, vigorous challenge, and spirited defense did take place, it was not the rule. Unfortunately, education has only limited experience with this kind of free play of challenging ideas. Therefore, most discussions resembled a round of intellectual golf rather than a game of tennis—each man continued to hit his own ball instead of returning his opponent's.

Of far greater interest and importance, however, was what the conference actually did accomplish. For the program and the list of participants placed on the record, where all could see, the fact that the Old Educational Establishment is no longer providing the leadership for the nation's educational enterprise. Clear, too, was the fact that most of the ancient problems over which education's battles have been fought for a generation are no longer relevant. American education has reached a crossroads—and the new directions it will take in the future have already been charted.

Members of the Old Establishment have their philosophical roots in the issues and attitudes of the 1930s. They bear proudly their scars from the controversies of the 1950s. And they remain firm in their reluctance to accept change and innovation in the educational process. They have been by-passed by events.

The New Establishment is composed of men who have emerged during and since the 1950s. They are relatively young, flexible, and sensitively aware of the new problems that dominate a society for which education is no longer merely a generalized good but the touchstone of survival. They have reached their present eminence as a result of high professional competence rather than organizational regularity. They are largely uncommitted to philosophical strait jackets; change holds no terrors for them. But they have their own commitment—a pragmatic concern for what works.

The most striking evidence, however, that a crossroads has been reached

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—and passed—was contained in the list of subject areas set up for the participants to consider and debate. The enormous impact of the civil rights movement on education, together with the national commitment to bring all citizens into full participation in our national life, was clear. Session titles such as "Jobs, Drop-outs, and Automation," "Skill Obsolescence and Re-education," "School Desegregation," "Pre-school Education," and "Education in the Urban Community," give only a partial sense of the overriding influence of these issues. Their weight was felt also in discussions of such diverse subjects as "Educating the Talented" and "Innovations in Higher Education." Manifestly, the nation's growing concern for the disadvantaged has sparked wide-ranging reassessment of the entire educational enterprise. As a result, the central issues with which the conference was concerned were equal opportunity for all through education, innovation that puts new knowledge to work for the improvement of the educational process, and the necessity for measuring results to determine whether the large expenditures now being made—and the far larger sums that will be invested in the future—are justified. There appears to be little doubt, too, that these are the major educational concerns of the Great Society.

THAT the new leadership in education has the wholehearted support of the Administration at the highest level is clearly indicated by the appointment of Conference Chairman John Gardner as Secretary of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare less than a week after the conclusion of the conference. President of the Carnegie Corporation, one of the largest private foundations with an active interest in education, Gardner has been a major force in the development and emergence of the New Establishment. Now he is being asked to provide national leadership for it.

In Washington Gardner will be the most education-oriented Secretary the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare has had since it was formed in the 1950s. There he will join his long-time friend and colleague, U.S. Commissioner of Education Francis Keppel. In many respects Keppel typifies, more completely than any other man, the new leadership. He has gained a greater degree of respect and confidence on Capitol Hill than any commissioner in memory. And he has had major responsibility for developing the Administration's education program and its successful presentation to Congress.

If President Johnson can attract men of this caliber to Washington—and prevail upon them to stay—he may yet achieve his desire to go down in history as the "Education President." —J. C.

The Gardner Appointment

WASHINGTON, D.C.

JOHN W. GARDNER's appointment as Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare in the Cabinet of President Lyndon B. Johnson signals the beginning of what certainly will be a fascinating and maybe a historic experiment in popular government.

Mr. Johnson is committed to transforming an affluent and flabby American nation into the Great Society of tomorrow.

His impatience of criticism has been widely noticed.

Mr. Gardner has declared his belief (*SR/*RESEARCH for January 1963) in the feasibility of perpetuating American democracy as an ever-renewing society.

Although no such society has ever existed, he speculates that one could be brought about principally through tolerance of criticism—a tolerance so positive that it would deliberately build into the society failproof mechanisms for protecting and encouraging critics.

Offhand, it might seem reasonable to predict either that Mr. Gardner will not last long in government or that Mr. Johnson will risk apoplexy.

Yet men sophisticated in the daily workings of the federal bureaucracy here are predicting instead that the new Secretary-designate of Health, Education, and Welfare will enjoy the President's personal confidence to a greater degree than any other member of the Cabinet.

To have a social scientist of quality (Mr. Gardner is a psychologist who has made psychology work in public affairs), knowledgeable in avenues of international understanding, outrank the boss of the Pentagon (Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara being the current Presidential favorite in the Cabinet) may be too great an expectation. However, Mr. Gardner's leave-taking from such a prestigious philanthropic foundation as the Carnegie Corporation of New York and the associated Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching makes no sense unless he is sure of a high priority for his ideas at the White House. For the executive department over which he will preside has been an arena of clashing political empires from its beginning, and the clashing now threatens the future of the nation too profoundly to be allowed to continue. It is assumed in higher echelons of the Johnson Administration that Mr. Gardner has accepted an assignment to bring out of today's interlocking conflicts the sort of elastic order he prescribes for future "stability in motion."

Several recombinations of bureaucracy are already being debated.

First and most obvious is a separation of HEW into two departments, one concerned with education and the other with health and welfare.

Second and somewhat more ambitious is the establishment of a new department of education, a new department of welfare, and a new department of science that might include public health and the U.S. Food and Drug Administration.

Third and most far-reaching in terms of democratic process is a deeper fragmentation of HEW and a broader subsequent regrouping that would also encompass the National Science Foundation.

NSF has never seriously tried to do the toughest job contemplated for it by the Congress—set national goals and a relative scale of spending for basic scientific research leading toward those goals over a long span of time. Because this neglect has occurred over a decade and a half of steady expansion of the power of science as a social force, the need for a priority system is now acute. Because the prevalent method of granting the preponderant share of government subsidy to individual research projects—regardless of how the projects fit into institutional patterns—has knocked the universities lopsided, it is imperative that a central nervous system be focused at a point where the influence of the sciences can be assessed and balanced against the influence of the humanities. By bringing NSF, education, and the National Institutes of Health (research arms of the U.S. Public Health Service) into a single department, the head of that department would be able to apply a common measure to all the ingredients of the educational impetus.

Whichever approach Mr. Gardner chooses, it will be by habit modest. But how can his present status be stated modestly? He is now the key figure in the revolution of medical teaching and practice. He is a primary arbiter between "big" (expensive team) and "little" (individual thinker) science, between science and engineering, between the university as a cutting tool on the leading edge of knowledge and the university as a guardian of the great human traditions. He is involved in the "communications crisis" at its deepest level, and he must monitor the proliferation of computers in the area where they matter most—the clarification of thinking that must precede instruction of the machines for solution of problems assigned to them.

Mr. Gardner is human; hence his creative contribution to the human condition cannot be flawless. On those inevitable occasions when he judges wrongly, it may be convenient to recall that he is a Republican. —JOHN LEAR.

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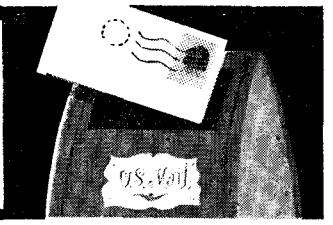
Letters to the Editor



Publish or Perish

HENRY M. WRISTON stated in his article "Publish or Perish" [*SR*, July 17] that "Under the best of circumstances, estimating the character and quality of a man's teaching is enormously difficult." Evaluating teachers should be no more difficult than evaluating persons in other professions. Lawyers are evaluated by their clients' successes in court; physicians are judged by the health of their patients. Publishing is a minor factor in the evaluation of these professional men. The same method could be applied to teachers—they could be evaluated by the academic proficiency of their students as measured by final examinations. If the tests were prepared with contributions from all teachers in the department and if the teachers did not grade their own students' examinations, then the test grades should be meaningful for evaluating both the students' proficiency and the quality of the teachers' instruction. A fair examination of this type would evaluate both teachers and students; this would be a better method for evaluating teachers than publishing is. A teacher who publishes but does not educate his students should be judged in the same way as a physician who publishes but does not heal his patients.

R. D. WILMOT.
Fullerton, Calif.

WE SHOULD NOT ignore the very important truth that a teacher can stay "alive" and not publish. The act of publishing is not any more a measure of intellectual virility than the act of taking an oath is a measure of loyalty.

ALEX VAVOULIS,
Assistant Professor of Chemistry,
Fresno State College.
Fresno, Calif.

HENRY M. WRISTON suggests that publication is a more useful basis than teaching for assessing the value of a college teacher because "it is the only way in which others . . . can form a judgment regarding his competence." In President Wriston's view, it is difficult to appraise the quality and character of teaching and, furthermore, some well-regarded teachers have been known to deteriorate after receiving tenure.

But is it not also difficult to evaluate research? Was it not hard to determine the relative merits of the claims for the Sabin and Salk vaccines? Is faulty logic more discernible in a book than in a lecture? Is the judgment of a publisher somehow more valid than that of a supervisor of teaching? I submit that teaching is no more difficult to measure than writing is. And despite the obstacles, there may be hope for both.

HOWARD PIERSON.
North Babylon, N.Y.

ANYONE CONCERNED with the task of educating others must readily concur with Dr. Henry M. Wriston that instruction, to be effective and beneficial, must be based upon sound research and sufficient preparation. The experienced teacher does not forget, however, that significant research does not pre-empt his task of counseling with students, providing them time to carry discussion beyond the classroom, or establishing a rapport between himself and them. Today's college instructors cannot keep retreating to the confines of college offices or the carrels of libraries in order to merely busy themselves with research chores to the neglect of their classroom duties or responsibilities to their students. Unfortunately, this "publish or perish" concept often leads to dull, insipid, and meaningless articles (not all of which are the work of the junior faculty member) for journals or conventions.

WALLACE STERLING,
Graduate Assistant,
Southern Illinois University.
Carbondale, Ill.

NOTHING in *Saturday Review* has proven quite so distressing as the July 17 article by Henry Wriston entitled, "Publish or Perish."

CARLTON STEVENS.
Los Gatos, Calif.

OFTEN THE JUDGMENT of the worth of publication is in the heads of deans and college presidents who are quite remote from the field of competence. That is why sheer quantity often supplants quality as a criterion of decision.

Good teachers will not be selected and kept by devices under administrative control. The quality of teaching is the responsibility of the tenured departmental faculty and must be exercised because its members are in the best position to make sound judgments. It is time for the teachers to discipline and advance their own profession. This control over entry and quality of the permanent staff must be based on dedication to the educational needs of the student body, the fearless and scholarly pursuit of truth, and adherence to the value of the democratic process.

ISRAEL KUGLER,
President,
United Federation of College Teachers,
American Federation of Teachers AFL-CIO.
New York, N.Y.

IT WAS UNFORTUNATE that, in the editing of "Publish or Perish" in your issue of July 17 in the interest of conserving space, the only reason retained for the earlier decision regarding tenure was the activities of the American Association of University Professors. Omitted were other factors of great importance: first of all, the competition for talent occasioned by the extraordinary growth in student bodies; second, the phenomenal knowledge explosion which requires many more men and women for research; third, the availability of foundation and government money for research which puts a further strain upon the limited number of people available. These factors, as well as the activity of the A.A.U.P., account for the pressure for early decision on tenure.

HENRY WRISTON,
Chairman,
The American Assembly
Columbia University
New York, N.Y.

Artists, Scholars, and Teachers

I WAS INTERESTED in Mr. Perkins's recent discussion of the relationship between the professional artist and the scholar in the academic environment [*SR*, July 17] but I felt that he missed one group that falls somewhere between the two. He made only passing reference to the professional teacher of the arts.

This refusal to recognize the category of teacher is, for me, one of the most perplexing things about modern education. I know few college professors who are not trying to teach their way out of teaching into research or non-academic professional work. Few institutions have a reward system for

(*Continued on page* 66)

Two Awards

Saturday Review won two national awards for its Education Supplement during the last month:

► The American College Public Relations Association Award for "Distinguished Service to Higher Education."

► A National School Bell Award for "distinguished interpretation of education during the year ended April 1, 1965, by weekly or biweekly magazines of general circulation." The School Bell Award, presented by the American Association of School Administrators, the Council of Chief State School Officers, the National Association of Secretaries of State Teachers Associations, the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, the National Education Association, and the National School Boards Association, was for James Cass's article, "What Happened at Berkeley," published in the issue of January 16, 1965.

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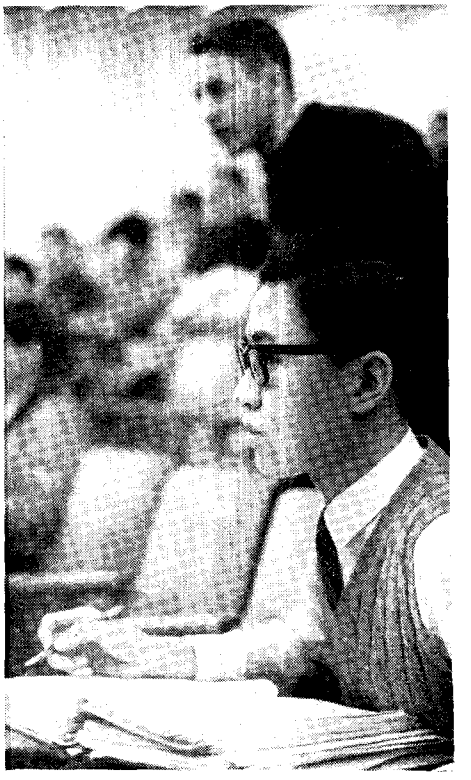
WHEN FOREIGN-STUDENT SCHOLARSHIPS ARE MISUSED



—M.I.T. Photo.

"Scholarships have become a symbol of our respect for learning, our faith in equal opportunity, our generosity of spirit and pocketbook, and the fierce pride we take in our culture."

By CRANE HAUSSAMEN, *former United States Minister and Permanent Representative to the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, which has its headquarters in Paris.*

THE UNITED STATES policy of granting scholarships to overseas students started out as a generous, intelligent, and imaginative program. Since its inception in 1948, more and more young people from Africa and Asia especially have taken their places in our classrooms and stepped up for their diplomas having been supported throughout the course by public or private American funds. We pride ourselves in making this possible, and justifiably. Could there be anything wrong with such a policy? Evidently there is. Responsible government officials and educators abroad now assert that to meet the needs of the newer nations, our present scholarship policy is often more harmful than helpful and should be revised.

The evidence pro and con becomes apparent to anyone who travels inquisitively through the countries concerned. On a recent world trip as U.S. Minister to UNESCO, one of my objectives was to look up former students from American universities to find out how they were using the education we had provided. Many are of course using it as we hoped they would. In Africa and Asia I met a number of these alumni who are now either prominent leaders in government or working with dedication at obscure but vital jobs. Their training has influenced many critical decisions because they learned on our campuses to evaluate their own culture and economy in the perspective of both history and today's world. A primary aim of our scholarships is to nurture international attitudes that can work like a yeast on parochial minds.

Unfortunately, however, others are using their education less constructively. The negative results are just beginning to be recognized. For example, I sought out a businessman who had graduated with honors from one of our best Eastern universities. As a student he had been an active, eager member of the college community where he had spoken with conviction on the value of American ideals to his own people. Impressed by his sense of dedication, his professors had no doubt that when he returned home he would help shape the future of his country. After I had sat a while in his air-conditioned office, listened to several phone conversations conducted with suave efficiency, and exchanged a few words with him, I became uncomfortably aware that here was a prosperous and influential man who thrived by cheating his own government on economic development projects. To my dismay he explained frankly, with a tinge of sadness, that his present course of action was the only one left to him since he had not obtained a top official position on his return from the United States. His value had not been appropriately recognized. Now he was demonstrating it with imagination, resourcefulness, and entirely for his personal benefit. As he continued, I made a silent calculation of what his scholarships had cost, and what a waste they had been.

Two other alumni were not even to be found any longer in their home countries. They had packed their belongings, said goodbye to their families and settled in the United States, one as a draftsman with a Chicago firm of industrial engineers, the other as partner in a New York automobile agency.

The unhappy truth is that these three examples are not unusual. There was no more surprising revelation on my trip than the exception taken to the use of scholarships and fellowships regardless of their source, be it multilateral, bilateral, foundation, private or university.

How has this happened? What is wrong with our present policy? Should it be changed, and if so, how?

This is a sensitive subject. Scholarships have become a symbol of our respect for learning, our faith in equal opportunity, our generosity of spirit and pocketbook, and the fierce pride we take in our culture. They honor the government, foundations, and public-spirited citizens of America. Our foreign policy itself is involved, as well as major economic stakes in the developing countries. Ambassador Lucius D. Battle has pointed out that, "There is now public and private recognition that educational and cultural affairs are important elements of our long-range foreign relations." Senator Fulbright added recently: "You have to remember that some of these students . . . will some day sit in the councils of the mighty." Secretary of State Dean Rusk has said that the Fulbright Act "provides one of the most powerful, although quiet, elements in our foreign policy."

The principle is not questioned here, only some of its applications.

A major problem is that of the geographical and emotional transplanting of a human being with a totally different background. Communications break down. As Jacques Barzun says, "It is indeed extraordinary how *little* the power to spread news and opinion around the globe in a few seconds affects the judgments that one nation passes on another which is accessible and well-known." If transplanted Americans have trouble getting used to the way of life in a European country with common traditions, the adjustments required of a man who comes to the United States from his village in Dahomey or Uttar Pradesh can be insurmountable. The sense of unreality already experienced by the young schol-

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ar in his native schools is further dramatized by exposure to a center of learning far from home and totally strange. He is emotionally uprooted, mentally confused. The precarious judgment he painfully acquired in his own schools is shattered by the enormous leap he has to take into a new way of life. Few of us hear of such painful cases, yet the maladjustments often attain tragic proportions for reasons to which we have been blind.

Our modern education is dependent on three major factors: the school, the society and the family. But in most African nations and many others in the East, the structure of society as we know it is either non-existent or petrified in a caste system. All family traditions and ties militate against the new disciplines dispensed by teachers. When the boy comes to a city in his native land and works toward a degree, he is a first fruit straight out of the African bush or the Asian village. He finds himself in a vacuum: no tradition, no structure supporting the educational system *we* take for granted. This tragedy has been dramatically treated by several Nigerian novelists. Who is going to help him? He is indeed a fragile identity.

Another upsetting element is that the instruction is usually given in a strange language. This often accounts for mental blocks. Courses that should be simple become extremely complicated, requiring excessive patience and insight on the part of teachers. Most schools use traditional curricula, are rarely concerned with local traditions, history, or particular cultural problems. A wry comment heard in French-speaking Africa is: "Why should a seven-year-old boy learn about *nos ancetres les Gaulois*?" The Gallic ancestors of a Camerounese, for instance, are indeed remote. The student is moved swiftly through this mass of facts disconnected from the reality he knows, to a premature view of the outside world beyond his ken.

At this point he is transplanted to an American university. He is immediately confronted by a new world in which education is taken almost for granted as an obligation of society toward each of its members. Dedicated American students imbued with a sense of responsibility are numerous, but so are their easy-going brothers.

He knows that at home children walk miles barefoot to attend school, often without a lunchbox. An education is also the source of grave sacrifices by the family. There, it is the struggle, not the privilege, that is taken for granted. In the United States the young are generally spared that struggle. The difference cannot fail to provoke reactions of shock and envy in the young scholar from an infinitely less affluent society. This is confirmed by interviews on campuses. It is normal, then, that his urgent sense of dedication should be so shaken or shattered that he, too, takes for granted the large sums of money spent on his education by others. He cannot reasonably be expected to keep his sense of reality intact. Can we blame him if he feels compelled to do one of three things?

Either he stays abroad on a succession of scholarships until he exhausts them. They are not too difficult to obtain, first in one field of study, then another. He makes friends outside of college, finds American life irresistibly attractive. Job possibilities begin to beckon. He ultimately succumbs to one of them and settles in the host country.

Or he resorts to blackmail of his own government, boasting of his splendid American training and degree which qualify him for nothing less than the promise of a high-level sinecure in the civil service back home. When the promise is not forthcoming, he stays abroad, forsaking all sense of responsibility. An investment of as much as $16,000 is often wasted in this way.

He may also return to his native land a full-fledged graduate with exalted notions of his status and of the remuneration now due him. But no government sinecure is available, and this is a jolt to the sense of dedication he may have felt. Disenchanted, embittered, he becomes an educated opportunist. To step down in status is unthinkable. To return to the village seems inadmissible. More often than not, he becomes a political renegade striving to obtain a sinecure through bribery or rebellion. Or he joins the many economic racketeers who thrive in developing countries. They milk assistance funds in covert ways, or exploit a public made gullible by the new slavery of appetite for things beyond its reach.

The Congo situation is an extreme example of this impasse. It also reveals how Western nations tend to regard scholarships as a fire engine to help put out brush fires. All kinds of scholarships are offered here, even to primary school pupils. The tribal pattern is infinitely complex: 300 tribes are distributed in twenty-eight provinces. While applicants for the secondary teacher training schools are numerous, no selection policy is enforced. If only 100 places are available, the first 100 applicants are admitted in total disregard for provincial, ethnological, or cultural distribution. This is of course due in part to a time-honored tradition of nepotism, as well as a complete lack of planning. As a result, many provinces are never represented.

The competition for overseas scholarships is aggressive. Hundreds of boys and girls are eager to flock abroad, to get a diploma in any subject, so they may stay away from home as long as possible. Main incentive: to get away from the Congo, and to stay away, using scholarships as a comfortable means of support until another means of livelihood can be found in the host country. The net outcome is that most of them are lost to the Congo. The UNESCO Chief of Mission is vehement about this human loss. Since he serves also as chief advisor to the Minister of Education and coordinator of educational aid to that country from all sources, he has a complete view of the situation. He pointed out that at Lovanium University in Leopoldville, a professor works with four or five students only: the rest have left on scholarships. For him, the hard, urgent core of the problem is to imbue the Congolese youth with a sense of responsibility to their nation, over and above family and tribal loyalties. This is a difficult process but it can be accelerated if more are trained at home where they can be given an incentive to cooperate.

Congolese schools are applying themselves to the monumental task of carrying the young directly from the stone age into the twentieth century. And the provinces must be "saturated" with teachers to prevent the reabsorption by

Countries Represented by More Than 1,000 Foreign Students — 1964-65

Countries	Number 1964-65	Number 1963-64
Canada	9,253	8,458
India	6,813	6,387
China, Republic of	4,620	3,057
Iran	3,719	3,162
Japan	3,386	3,220
Hong Kong	3,279	3,143
Korea	2,604	2,411
Philippines	2,473	2,277
China, Unspecified*	2,160	2,353
United Kingdom	1,959	1,777
Thailand	1,630	1,367
Cuba	1,565	2,179
Greece	1,543	1,556
Israel	1,539	1,382
Germany	1,504	1,269
Nigeria	1,382	1,140
Mexico	1,370	1,321
United Arab Republic	1,279	1,217
Colombia	1,196	982
Jamaica	1,183	1,053
Venezuela	1,173	1,155
Pakistan	1,081	985
Turkey	1,070	1,059

*This category includes those whose country of citizenship was given as "China." These students in many cases, however, are residents of countries other than the Republic of China.

Table reprinted from "Open Doors 1965," with permission from the Institute of International Education.

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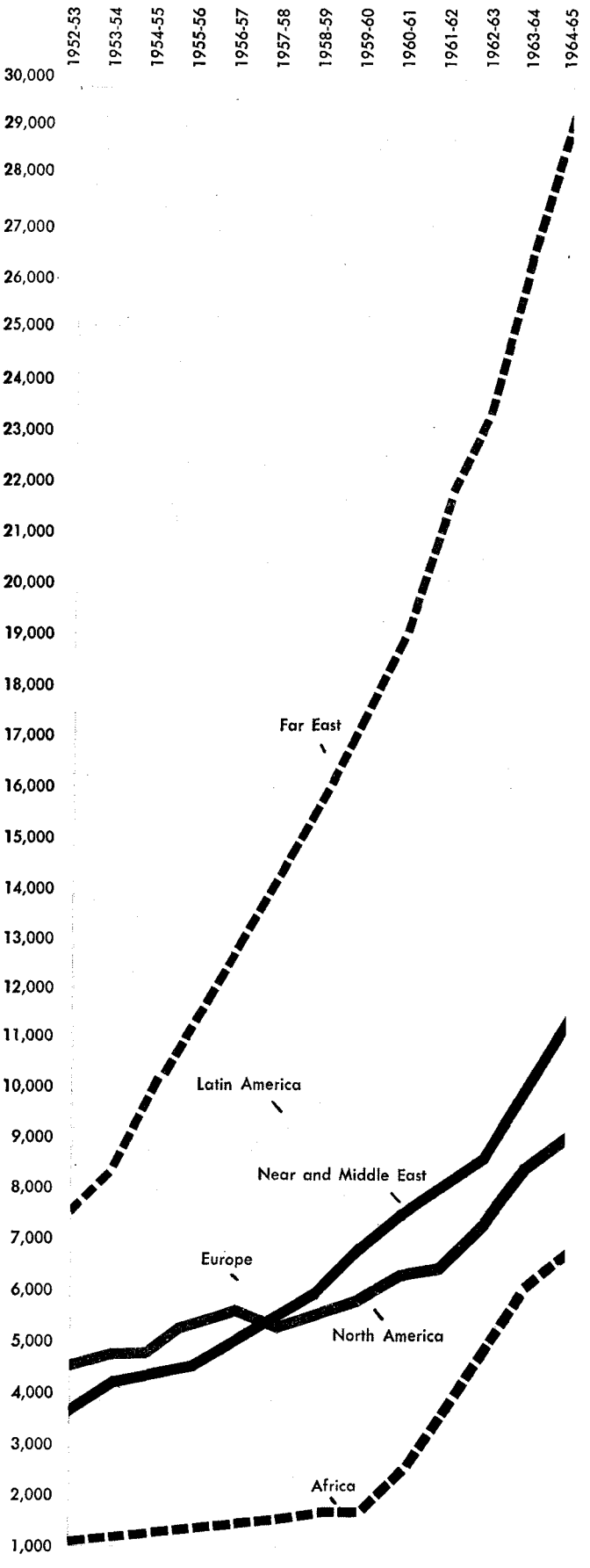
FOREIGN STUDENTS IN THE U.S. (1952-1965)



The number of students from Oceania rose from 316 in 1952-53 to 1,265 in 1964-65. *Reprinted from "Open Doors 1965," Institute of International Education.*

their own people of the handful of isolated graduates now sent out to educate the illiterate, often hostile mass. In the Congo, the educated boy who returns to the bush is subjected to almost unendurable tensions. For a brief moment, the period of his studies in the city, he was able to act as an individual. The return to the village and the leap backward into time that it represents has been described vividly by the best African authors. The man now stands in direct conflict with all ancestral traditions and he is regarded with increasing mistrust. One of the young teachers I met gave me a striking picture of the quandary he himself experienced when the village, its elders, and his own parents all conspired to reabsorb him into the community womb. Struggling to resist the loss of his identity, he moved to another region and married a woman from a different tribe. For a while he felt free, then gradually he started to feel abandoned, cut off from all companionship, from the tribal structure, deprived of the strength the group used to give him. The impression of lifelong security was gone, replaced by a sense of unreality.

A man can decide to stay in the city without disclaiming his tribal ties. In most African countries, however, his family moves in on him and he is obligated to support them on his secondary-school-teacher salary.

Why haven't we heard more about the plight of scholarship recipients? Actually, a few reports have filtered through to universities and the State Department, but they are hard to confirm. Recipient countries prefer not to make an issue of it because questioning the sanctity of scholarships is like questioning the sanctity of motherhood. Government officials and educators overcame their reticence with me only when they realized that my mission was to ascertain how multilateral aid policies in education could be improved. Then they talked freely to me as a representative of the country which is the major contributor to UNESCO and the largest single source for all types of scholarships. They told me: "If you lead, others will follow." They hoped that the United States would demonstrate in this area, as it has in others, its exceptional flexibility. Why not adapt our assistance to changing needs? Most Western nations, like us, are reluctant to admit that their scholarship policies may need revision. However, we must distinguish between the recipient country's genuine concern for the loss of brainpower and its rejection of an alleged cultural imperialism.

Corrective steps have been taken, particularly in Kenya where the situation seems almost hopeless. So many

(*Continued on page* 62)

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STUDENTS ABROAD

INDIA IS CENTURIES AWAY

The Junior Year Abroad is a familiar phenomenon in American colleges, but a year in India is a bit further "abroad" than most. The author of this article spent the academic year of 1963-64 on the Wisconsin Undergraduate Year in India, a program administered through the University of Wisconsin and financed by the Carnegie Foundation.

"There were twenty-one of us in India," Miss Vander Wal writes, "seven in Delhi, five in Benares, and nine in Hyderabad. We came from colleges across America to the University of Chicago in June of 1963. Here we were required to master the equivalent of one year of the language of the area where we would be located—Hindi for Delhi and Benares, and Telagu for those in Hyderabad. We had to pass a language comprehensive in late August before we were allowed to go. The program combined a knowledge of the Indian language with the experience of living as an Indian student lives." Miss Vander Wal graduated this June from Lawrence University with a major in political science.

By MARY CLAIRE VANDER WAL

IT took only twenty-four hours to span the distance from New York to New Delhi by plane, though the real distance between these two worlds involved a longer and more difficult journey.

By definition, American college students are idea- and action-oriented, while India moves slowly and passively through her timeless villages. There is no budging India; we found the adjustment to be one-sided. Each of us made this adjustment in individual expressions of ourselves, yet there were definite areas in which the collective identity of the group emerged. We were not simply a random group of human beings in India; we were, instead, a group of American college students, and we realized the uniqueness of this identity perhaps for the first time.

THERE were six of us who lived in Delhi and were enrolled in the Delhi School of Social Work, a graduate division of Delhi University. The problems we faced our first week of classes in September had never existed in the American academic world. They were physical problems, basic and immediate. A search for the library became secondary to locating a source of cool, safe drinking water. Operating successfully within the classroom was not difficult, but arriving there intact became a major challenge.

Delhi University is large and sprawling, separated into various individual colleges. A twenty-minute walk to class was an adventure in outwitting a barrage of animals, people, carts, scooters, and bicycles. The word *nahii*, which is Hindi for "no," became our best hope for survival. We applied it to everyone from the man with his cobra and mongooses who insisted on performing for us, to the children who pulled at our clothing and begged for a few coins. We were learning not from books that we could select, but from confrontations that we could not avoid.

Three-fourths of our battle for survival concerned food, shelter, quiet, cleanliness, and dysentery. The boys were living and eating in a graduate dormitory on campus, and I was staying with an Indian family near the university. All of us dreaded mealtime.

The food was heavily spiced; even the morning eggs were liberally sprinkled with chili peppers, and meat was scarce or unappetizing. We began to rely heavily on the produce man near the university who sat on the ground and spread before him quantities of bananas, oranges, mangoes, and peanuts.

There were, however, more serious

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aspects of the year beyond our physical needs, which left their permanent mark. The School of Social Work had created centers or established a liaison with existing government agencies involved with many varieties of welfare work. In addition to our studies at the university, and a continuation of a second-year Hindi language course, we each selected a welfare agency in which to work. Through this endeavor came the production of an independent research project on any area of Indian life in which we were interested. Some of us worked in village centers; others did surveys of mill workers, neglected children, or educational systems.

During the months of September and October, we visited some of the agencies where the Indian students of sociology were working. Many of our first visits were to the village centers outside of Delhi. Our appearance in the village was like ringing a bell, and it was usually answered by crowds of people from the fields, from the huts, and from the Harijan or Untouchable section on the outskirts of the settlement.

Suddenly we were immersed in a sea of curious eyes. Even inside the center where students were playing games with the children, or teaching sewing to the women, or conducting literacy classes, the villagers followed us until there was barely room for the flies to join our company.

Everywhere we visited—the slum areas of Delhi (defined as any block where 150 families share one tap of water), the home for lepers, orphans, or delinquent children, the vocational school established by Jacqueline Kennedy during her 1961 visit to India—we were surrounded by curious faces.

But it was more than just the faces. We walked and lived daily in the middle of a level of human existence we could not have imagined. Perhaps our own inability to diminish the suffering around us made us question our abilities in other fields.

We were students, not Peace Corps people, yet we came from a tradition marked by organized action to right a wrong. We found ourselves now in a different world, where it was impossible to picket against poverty, to form a committee against disease, to vote for birth control in every Indian village.

We were faced with the lowest level of human existence and yet we were incapable of acting and dissatisfied with merely studying. We began to realize that the outrages we had felt deeply as American college students, and our consequent demands for action, were involved with causes to which we believed there was a solution. We wanted decisive action; and we were not convinced that, even if we worked a lifetime in India, major changes would occur. This defeat was difficult for us to face.

We found that when we did act, it was primarily within the academic world and generally an attempt to Americanize the institution. When we discovered that there was no campus newspaper to unite each of the colleges at Delhi University, we took it upon ourselves to begin a movement.

It took several months to convince each of the college leaders that there was a need for intercommunication at the university and that a newspaper could serve this function. The obstacles to the newspaper were not only a lack of interest but an overabundance of campus politics as well, based on the different colleges, religious groups, castes, and nationalities.

We spent time locating sources of financial support and organizing an effective editorial staff for the paper. Here

"We were learning not from books that we could select, but from confrontations that we could not avoid."

was the clash. The Americans insisted on one editor-in-chief; the Indian students wanted a committee with collective responsibility. Even after a compromise was reached, no one could convince us that our way was not the best.

In April, when articles were being arranged for the first issue, we were served notice that because we had not filed a petition with the government early enough for the printing of the paper, there would be a delay until permission could be obtained. We took the blow calmly, knowing that we would be comfortably resettled in America before the *Delhi University News* would ever see printer's ink.

In many ways we were always the American students, but never the American individuals. We didn't seem to fit in anywhere. Although we wore Indian clothing and shopped in the local bazaars, outhaggling even the cleverest native, we were still outsiders. To the Indian students we were living reference books for information about American dating habits, schools, skyscrapers, and freeways. Even to those Americans living in New Delhi, the fact that we traveled third-class on the Indian railways and rode the local buses put a distance of experience and perception between us.

It was more difficult for the American girls than for the boys, because of the position of women in the Indian society. We constantly reinforced our "loose manner of living" by speaking alone with Indian male students, having tea with large groups of men, and shouting at each other across campus.

Even in the most Westernized of Indian homes, marriages are still ultimately arranged by the parents, and the advent of American students into this climate of custom could only put up barriers of communication. Honesty about past experiences often had to be sacrificed for the sake of sharing ideas, and even then it took very little accuracy to shock the Indian college girls.

How could you explain that for you a boy was nothing to giggle about; he was a person like any other, and the time you spent with him could mean nothing more than a sharing of feelings and ideas? And even more important, how could you convey to the Indian boys that a sharing of ideas did not at all constitute an invitation to anything more?

But we were not merely fighting a Hollywood image of American students; a large part of the Indian's conception of us was true. Much of what we took for granted as normal male-female relationships reached the realm of delicious promiscuity to the Indian students. Stories about our past adventures with love were constantly in demand. When taken out of our cultural context, many American customs do become sensational; yet, when taken within context they become even more difficult to explain. Our discussions never began with a universal definition of the word love.

Before leaving America we discussed the various aspects of communication in a foreign society. Almost without exception, we had believed that it is possible to communicate with any person in any place on the basis of common humanity. Yet we rarely do communicate on a simple human level with any great satisfaction.

At the university we found that we could share ideas on basic human events: politics, religion, economics, marriage. We sang American songs, spoke of American institutions, and described our homes and our families. In the villages, we smiled at the people and spoke our simple Hindi sentences.

(*Continued on page* 64)

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Mortimer Smith

PERSONAL OPINION

Faddishness in Education

On this page, each month, a distinguished educator, writer, or critic of education will be given an opportunity to express his views freely on a topic of his own choosing. The opinions expressed may differ sharply from those of the editors.

By MORTIMER SMITH, *Executive Director of the Council for Basic Education and Editor of the CBE "Bulletin."*

BEFORE SPUTNIK the movement for change in American education was dominated by the philosophers of reform. After Sputnik came the activists, who were less concerned with changing men's minds than with goading men into action. These activists have developed, pedagogically, a whole new heaven and earth. Their creations have ranged from the nongraded school, team teaching, the new mathematics, the audio-lingual method of teaching languages, programed learning, and structural linguistics, to wall-to-wall carpeting, flexible classrooms, overhead projectors, and fibrous glass desks done in pastel shades.

The value of these things is unequal, of course, but all of them run the risk of becoming fads. The new math, programed learning, and the audio-lingual method of language teaching are undoubtedly valuable developments, but when they are presented not as suggestive insights or helpful aids but as indispensable doctrines in a new theology of learning, they become fads. And the timid schoolman feels he must adopt them if he is not to be pegged as a hopeless reactionary. Some of the innovations are also presented to him as being "scientific," and he knows that when science speaks no man opes his mouth. And here also is where the money is. He can get government or foundation grants for many of the innovations, whereas all he can get from the curriculum makers of the state departments of education and the national educational associations is advice. As Donald Barr, headmaster of the Dalton Schools, said recently, "The market is no longer a free market in educational ideas because some people have fifty million dollars and other people have only their wits and their guts."

In part, the rise to authority of some of the present-day innovators is based on their style, on the certitude of their condemnation of the old. The enthusiastic advocate of the nongraded school is not only convinced of its effectiveness; he is also convinced that conventional grade arrangement is as outmoded as the waterdipper and the potbellied stove. The supporter of programed instruction or team teaching often manages to suggest that the teacher who follows traditional methods is a leftover from the days of the Hoosier Schoolmaster. The structural linguist, or new grammarian, is not content to extoll the virtues of his ideas for reform, but insists that everything that was taught before his day is on a par with astrology and alchemy. (Incidental query: Does the fact that high school teachers are being energetically indoctrinated with the "new English" at summer institutes supported by NDEA funds mean that there is now a governmentally approved content for the subject of English?) The latest scheme or device is always superior to the old. At a recent educational gathering I heard an enthusiast explain that when campuses are built upward to save ground space they will include artificial turf—"better than the original," we were assured.

Theory is constantly being transformed into immutable law: A school superintendent testified at a recent Congressional hearing that "to ensure effective foreign language instruction for better communication skills" it would be imperative that his school system have twenty new language laboratories at a cost of $200,000. How soon "desirable" becomes "necessary"!

Nowhere does the pendulum of fashion swing more violently than among the theorists of learning. Yesterday's generation of teachers was warned by educational psychologists of the harm done to youthful psyches by teaching the child to read and write too soon. This generation is urged to teach economics to first-graders and physics to third-graders. Yesterday's teachers were expected to buy the notion of postponement; today's are expected to accept without cavil the at least debatable Brunerian dictum that "any subject can be taught in some intellectually honest form to any child at any stage of development."

TO point out the faddish use of some innovations is not to call for their total rejection or for a return to some earlier period in education when things presumably were better ordered. Nor is it to deny that the activists, many of whom come from outside the educational establishment, have often generated a healthy breeze in a stuffy atmosphere. It *is* to suggest, however, that school people should resist all intimidating sales talk from enthusiasts who try to convince them there is only one road to salvation. It is foolish, not to say arrogant, to suggest that only through adoption of this or that method of instruction or organizational arrangement can schools be properly run. School administrators and school boards should not feel that they are cheating the children in their charge if they don't have teaching machines, apple-green chalkboards, or language laboratories, or if they continue to teach traditional grammar, or even traditional mathematics. There are prior questions that need to be raised, such as whether the school has a sound view of the purposes of education, and whether its teachers are themselves properly educated to turn out educated students. Intelligent and educated teachers come first, materials and methods second.

Among school reformers the activists seem to have given more of a jolt to the complacency and conventionality of educators than have the philosophers, perhaps because in pragmatic America the man with the program is always heeded more than the man with the sermon. We still need the philosophers to remind us that devices and arrangements are not the end-all and be-all of education and that when they are accepted as such they are likely to degenerate into fads. If we have no stated aims, if we have no standards and ideals for teachers and taught, if we fail to establish some ends for education, then the best of our new arrangements will avail us little. As someone once said, it is not necessarily progress to supply the cannibal with knife and fork.

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SOVIET EDUCATION'S UNSOLVED PROBLEMS

By HAROLD J. NOAH, *Assistant Professor of Economics and Education, Teachers College, Columbia University.*

PERHAPS no society places more trust in education to solve its important political, economic, and moral problems than does the Soviet Union. In this sense, of course, Soviet social philosophy peculiarly parallels our own. It is messianic and idealistic. Policy is based on the firm belief that man can radically improve society, and that in this task the school will play a leading role.

Despite fearful difficulties, some of their own making, others imposed on them from outside, Soviet social construction has brought the country a long way forward since 1917. This progress is especially evident in education, as the accompanying charts show. The Soviet government invests between one-seventh and one-eighth of its total budget in formal education, and perhaps 7 per cent of the Soviet national product goes into providing formal education (compared with 3 to 5 per cent spent by the Western, developed countries out of far greater incomes per head).

Yet, despite undoubted quantitative progress and continued massive investment in education, the Soviets face at least three sets of intractable problems when they come to weigh the achievements of their schools. They are problems of ideological training, problems of moral training, and problems in the area of the economics of education. Let us examine each of these in turn.

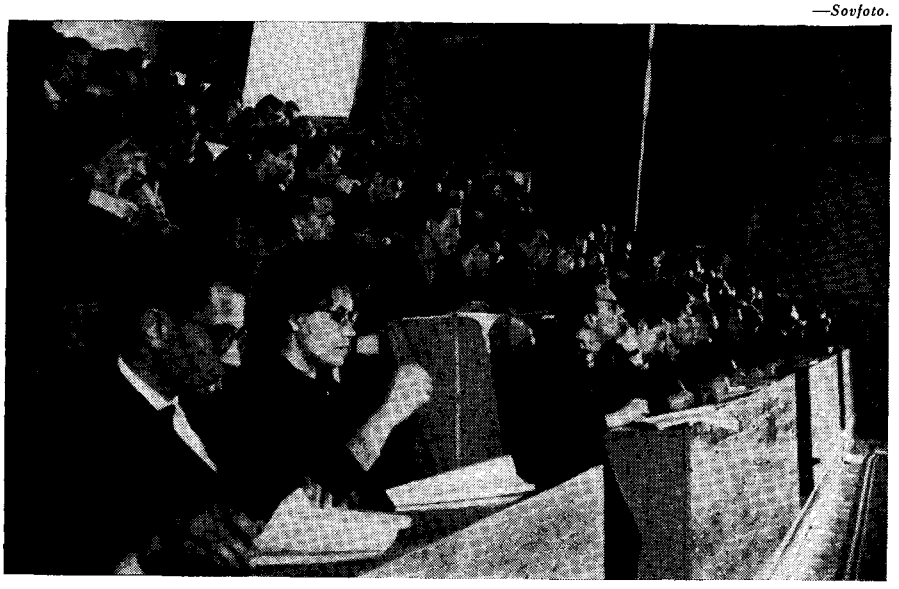
There can be no doubt that the Soviet system has generated deep political loyalty, particularly among the young people, and some of this, though not, indeed, all of it, may properly be ascribed to the operation of the schools. But the Soviet system demands more than vague, generalized loyalty to the State. Especially from its responsible citizens, it requires a firm Marxist-Leninist world outlook and enthusiastic participation in the building of Communism at home. The political training given in the schools and universities, as well as in the youth movement, is designed to foster these virtues among the young people.

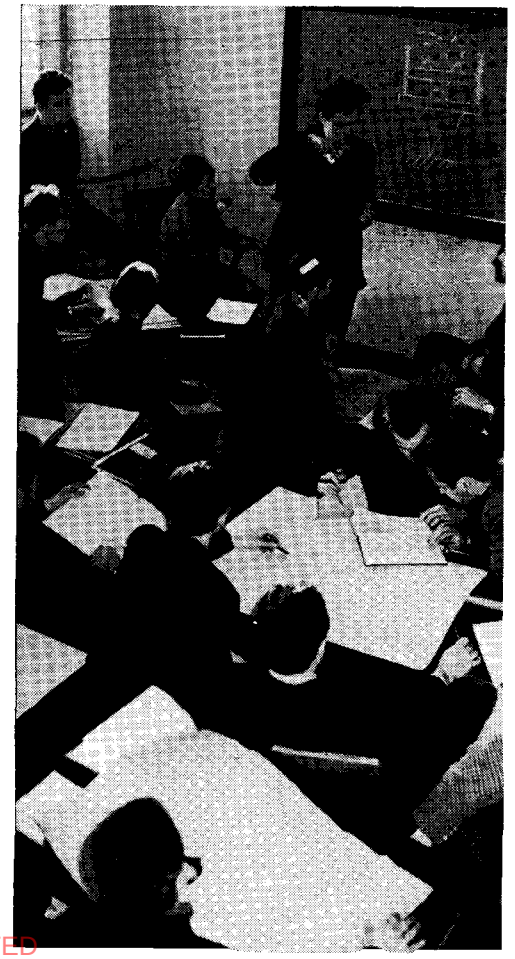
Yet it is a commonplace that the formal political training given in compulsory lecture courses on Party history, historical materialism, and economics are met by only the supreme indifference of most students. They know that satisfactory examination results in these subjects are required for graduation, but they also know that even more important are good grades in their "subject" examinations. Lack of commitment by young people to the tasks of Communist construction is widely and frequently deplored in the Soviet press. Even a society that did not make the all-embracing Soviet claim to total individual commitment to group purposes might be legitimately concerned, but the Soviets feel compelled to regard it as a continuing challenge to do better with their youth.

The total result of the indoctrination effort is impossible to measure, but the observer of the Soviet scene is impressed by the fact that young people in the Soviet Union by no means speak with a single, undifferentiated voice. Many (and especially many of the better educated) are highly critical of Soviet society, and they are critical of it in non-Marxist-Leninist terms. Yet the total political impact of Soviet education has certainly not been a negative quantity. Many young students feel grateful to a system that has given them educational and employment opportunities vastly superior to those their parents and grandparents knew. But, as in the West, young people manage to serve the State and remain loyal to it, often without surrendering their total intellectual commitment to the official political creed, and seeking all the while to adapt its peculiar structures to their personal gain. How to secure total, unselfish po-

"Education secures a formidable slice of Soviet resources, and is therefore expected to make the best use of what it is given and help solve some of the pressing economic problems of Soviet society."

—*Sovfoto.*





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litical commitment remains one of the unsolved problems of Soviet education.

Paradoxically, the government is at the mercy of its own slogan of "bringing the schools closer to life." Soviet doctrine freely admits that the present society is riddled through and through with what it calls "traces of the bourgeois past." Some of these traces remain obstinately substantial, and the pupils' contact with them by no means helps the school to foster the desired political orthodoxy among the young. How to use the school to counteract the adverse political influence upon the pupils exerted by parents, acquaintances, and the workpeople met in the course of vocational training, while insisting all the time upon the closest contact between the school and the real world outside, is one of those long-wearing problems that provides pedagogical journals in the Soviet Union with topics for decades on end.

MOREOVER, "life" in the form of the practice of Soviet government itself teaches lessons that few students can entirely ignore. The spectacle last October of the ignominious dismissal of Chairman Khrushchev and the complete silence since imposed upon him confirm the average Soviet citizen in his political apathy. When the country not only is run by a cabal, but even appears to be so, none of the formal lessons given in the schools to promote political enthusiasm and to teach the paramount place in history of objective, material, nonpersonal factors makes much sense.

Consider now the allied set of problems for Soviet education that is to be found in the field of the moral training of Soviet youth. Great emphasis has been placed on the need to raise up a new Soviet citizen. Honesty, courtesy, sexual morality, vigorous intellectual and physical activity are all major elements in the character of these new men. Unfortunately there is little sign that they are emerging in Soviet schools and colleges in any greater number than was previously apparent. Again, it appears that formal instruction has failed to upgrade the general level of Soviet personal and social behavior, and in any case, the line between socially demanded virtue and what the English call "priggish" behavior (a holier-than-thou attitudinizing) is always very thin. However, the problem is not that Soviet moral education has been too successful and is creating wholesale a nation of prigs, but that significant groups of the young people remain immune or, even worse, react negatively.

Apart from the dishonesty indicated by reports of minor and major black-market activity, the persistence of juvenile delinquency worries the authorities. Official doctrine has taught that this phenomenon was merely temporary, occurring in Soviet society as a direct consequence of the wartime disruption of families. But that familiar phenomenon of modern urban life, the teen-age gang, has proved to be no respecter of state boundaries or different social systems. As in the West, in Africa, and in Asia, there are young people in the Soviet Union who see in their society nothing for themselves. They reject its goals, its values, its forms, its institutions, its dress, and even its conventional language; and they invent or borrow from abroad styles and interests that express that rejection.

Of course, as in the West, because these groups are themselves vocal and are loudly condemned by the organs of society, they receive more than their fair share of publicity, and one must guard against a tendency to exaggerate their typicality. Yet even if it is only a fringe of Soviet youth that attracts official attention because of its overt "antisocial" behavior, it is nevertheless a fringe that the Soviets count in increasing rather than declining numbers each year. The gap between the predictions of Marxist-Leninist social theory and what happens in the real world presents them with a challenge and a problem.

Paid production practice by pupils and students has raised problems connected with the proper Communist attitude to monetary reward for socially useful labor. It is generally agreed that the young students should be paid for their work, so that they learn the value of money and develop a proper pride in their ability to earn honest money in the service of society. The difficulty arises about how much the young people should be allowed to earn, and what to do if the desire for gain overshadows the real pedagogical and moral purposes of providing the opportunity to engage in productive labor.

Some schools have tried to avoid the dangers of fostering the selfish desire for personal gain by having the children work in groups or collectives, pooling their earnings in order to accumulate a specified sum for a collective project. The commonest types of collective project are excursions or school journeys, or some addition to the equipment of the school. However, the purists find something to object to even here. It is pointed out that the real purpose of the exercise in socially productive labor gets lost in the collective scramble to amass the sum necessary to meet the group target fixed, just as much as it does in a system based on strictly individual rewards.

THERE are also the ethical problems posed by the occasional young member of the collective who does not pull his weight in the joint effort. What is to be done with him when it comes to spending the joint earnings? Should the collective follow the sound Communist principle: "He who does not work, neither shall he eat"; or should it recognize that it is, after all, dealing with a child who may not be fully responsible for his actions, and hope that the good example set by the rest of the group will gradually have its beneficial effect?

That the philosophical bases of Marxism-Leninism offer no guarantees of easy success in moral training is also shown by the history of atheist education and antireligious propaganda in the schools during the Soviet period. The crude antireligious campaigns that marked the 1920s and much of the 1930s are now out of fashion. Instead, the main approach taken in the schools is to emphasize the superior quality of the answers which science, as opposed to religion, can give to the basic questions of human existence. Yet even those children who in the officially approved manner reject with open contempt the symbols of religion are by no means automatically to be counted as champions of the scientific, materialistic, and rationalist explanation of the great philosophical concerns of mankind. More than likely they are merely indifferent, or simply puzzled. It worries the Party authorities that nearly fifty years after the Revolution, lessons in atheism are needed as desperately as ever.

However impressive the quantitative

Increasing Enrolments in Soviet Schools (In Thousands)

	1940-41	1950-51	1962-63	1964
General-Education Schools	36,600	34,700	42,200	46,900
Higher Education, Including Technicums	1,810	2,500	5,600	6,900
Vocational Education	720	750	1,400	1,500
Total	39,130	37,950	49,200	55,300

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figures and the rates of increase of schooling may be, the Soviet authorities are preoccupied by a number of intractable problems connected with the economic returns to their educational investment.

First, there is the difficult matter of quality. The headlong expansion of the Soviet period has often meant the establishment of new educational institutions and the growth of existing ones in circumstances that could only result in the graduation of students of below-average skills. This is especially true in teacher training.

Secondly, there is abundant evidence (not least from Soviet sources) that curricula and methods of instruction too often foster old-fashioned ideas and useless formal knowledge, and serve only to develop unimaginative, routine-minded operatives.

Third, there is the problem of the internal distribution of the total resources devoted to education among the various branches of education. Large though the expansion of semiprofessional and vocational training has been, it has by no means met the needs of the economy. This means that while the Soviet economy still has plenty of unskilled labor and an increasingly sufficient supply of university-trained personnel, it lacks large enough cadres of semiprofessional and skilled middle-range personnel for the implementation of modern techniques throughout the whole range of industry, trade, and agriculture. Consequently, while it is quite possible for Russia to startle the world with triumphs in Sputnik technology, to show significant achievements in *some* branches of basic science, and to undertake monumental projects in civil engineering and housing, the quality of work in many vital sectors of the economy is generally exceedingly low. Best Soviet theory is too often startlingly different from average Soviet practice, which gives rise to the suspicion that the "head" of Soviet education may be too large while the "tail," or perhaps, better, the "abdomen," is too small.

The fourth unsolved problem of Soviet education in the field of the economics of education has to do with the practice of "polytechnical education." The reform laws of 1958-59 marked the high-point of polytechnical thinking in Soviet educational legislation. The most spectacular feature of the reforms was the requirement that all pupils in the three senior grades of the secondary school were to be occupied for one-third their school time (two whole days out of six) working in Soviet factories or on the farms. It was laid down that pupils would generally be expected to acquire qualifications in two different trades during the three-year period, and could not expect to obtain their school-leaving certificates without these qualifications. At the same time, it was emphasized that most young people of fifteen to sixteen years of age would be expected in any case to cease *full-time* schooling after finishing the eighth grade and complete their secondary education by part-time (evening or shift) studies after work was over each day.

In order to accommodate the extra demands upon the curriculum made by practical labor-training, the period of complete secondary education was extended by one year to eleven years. This not only raised direct ruble costs of education for the State budget, but delayed for one year the entry of young people into full-time production. At first, Soviet enterprises had to bear the entire financial burden of providing the practical training and work experience for pupils, even to the extent of requiring the enterprises to pay the wages of the training staff, but this policy had to be abandoned. Nevertheless, the enterprises still have to provide and pay for special clothing, materials, tools, machine time, and space used to train pupils.

But the most serious burden on Soviet industry and agriculture is probably the disturbance of regular routines caused by the incessant invasions of factories and farms by young trainees. Luckless managers who react defensively and try to insulate the operations of their factories from the disruptive effects of polytechnical labor-training are roundly denounced for uncooperative attitudes and branded as unwilling to have the trainees do anything except routine and non-educational tasks around the factory. Conflicts of this type seem to be built into the system, making vocational training much more the responsibility of industry than of the schools. The factory manager will usually want either to use pupils in tasks where regular workers are hard to find, or to hold training costs down by keeping pupils working at a particular job once they have become reasonably proficient. The educational staff, on the contrary, will want the pupils to enjoy the highest level and the most varied assortment of work experience that it is possible to give. The pupils may well have an assortment of other ideas, shared neither by the factory management nor by their teachers. Some are bored by the whole affair and look for all kinds of easy assignments, especially those which involve them in just watching a skilled man at work. Others are interested in high pay for their two-days-a-week work, approve of any arrangement the factory can make for them to work steadily at one particular well-paying type of job,

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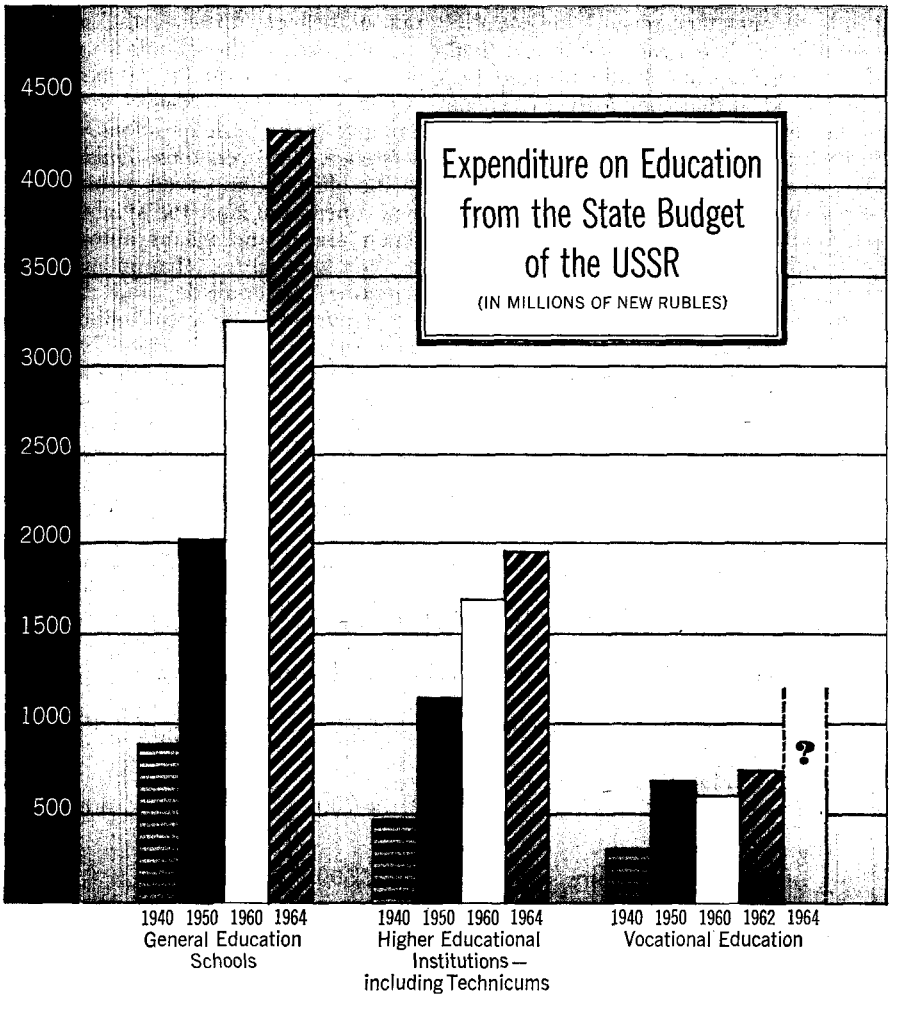

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Schools Make News

"We are counting on industry," said U.S. Commissioner of Education Francis Keppel at the American Management Association conference in New York last month. The very fact of the conference made it plain that industry is ready to accept the invitation.

The huge five-day meeting was titled "The Impact of Educational Technology," but its focus was far broader than that. Indeed, the speakers and panels together covered nearly all the complex levels of education-industry cooperation arising from the new relationship of education and government that has made education the nation's biggest "growth industry."

The conference offered an opportunity for men in industry, education, and government to discuss mutual needs and to develop ideas for cooperative efforts. It also gave education a chance to display its most creative men and newest ideas to the business community.

For example, there was Harold E. Gores, president of the Educational Facilites Laboratories, who discussed advances in the shape and design of educational plants to solve new education, training, and retraining problems. Omar K. Moore displayed his Edison Responsive Environment—better known as the "talking typewriter." Robert Seitzer, superintendent of East Orange, N.J., public schools, discussed his city's plans for the first education park. B. Frank Brown enthusiastically expounded on his non-graded high school in Melbourne, Florida. Frederick L. Ferris, Jr., director of the Secondary School Science Project in Princeton, explained the significance of the curriculum changes his project has developed. Francis A. J. Ianni of the U.S. Office of Education discussed the vast possibilities of educational research and development.

Indeed, Commissioner Keppel devoted much of his address to this latter point and to how industry can play a part in the regional educational laboratories to be established under the Education Act of 1965.

Elementary and secondary schools public and private universities, and government efforts in research or in the Job Corps, all will rely increasingly on cooperation with industry in the coming years. Industry and business will be needed not only to produce the machines, but to provide brains and dollars for research and for the development of new organizational and management techniques. Industry will be called on to help educate our youth and then to find a useful place for them in our society. The many levels of the complex cooperative effort were all touched on at some point during the conference.

It was clear that industry's interest in education no longer lies in urging vocational training at public expense, nor in trying to force its products onto schools regardless of their needs. Such tactics in the past have left many educators still suspicious of industry's motives. Several speakers emphasized the need for businessmen to respect and serve the true needs of educators. For example, Mr. John J. Theobald, vice president of U.S. Industries, Inc., pointed out, if a businessman wants to realize a profit in the long run, he won't stoop to such tactics as foisting off on a school system machines he knows will be obsolete within a year.

Here, of course, lies the crux of the matter. Although the cooperation of business and industry in education is needed and necessary, it must be remembered that the end of education is the growth of the human mind, not of profits. Esther Raushenbush, president of Sarah Lawrence, warned at the beginning of the conference of the consequences of forgetting this. Her feelings were echoed by Theodore Sizer, dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education. In effect, both he and Mrs. Raushenbush asked, "What will the educators be able to use the new knowledge for?" And both stressed that as we make progress in developing the means of education, we must make equal progress in defining its ends.

The nation's governors last month pledged their support to an interstate cooperative effort to improve the quality of American education. At the fifty-seventh annual National Governors' Conference, they endorsed a report urging a formal nationwide compact for education. Twenty-six of the governors signed individual statements promising to send representatives to a meeting in September to draft the compact.

At a time when people are looking increasingly to the federal government to meet their needs through legislation and financial support, the states, through their own lack of initiative, are in danger of losing their integrity and being bypassed by default. An interstate compact, in the belief of its initiators, would be a long step forward toward stimulating state initiative in planning for the advancement of education.

The three men primarily responsible for the proposal are Terry Sanford, former governor of North Carolina, who in his four years in office thoroughly overhauled the state's education system; James B. Conant; and John W. Gardner, president of the Carnegie Corporation and newly appointed Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. Dr. Conant first outlined the concept in his quietly influential little book *Shaping Educational Policy*. Governor Sanford picked up the idea and began seeking ways to implement it as part of his broader "Study of American States," a project investigating ways for states to exercise their responsibilities in all fields more effectively and efficiently.

The chief objective of an interstate compact would be to provide for the establishment and operation of an interstate body or commission which would:

1) join the political and professional forces into a partnership for education, so that the best of both talents would be used in cooperation.

2) act as a clearing house of information on all matters relating to educational problems and how they are being met in different places throughout the country. Such information would probably be gathered through small working committees appointed by the commission. These committees would carry out the main work of the compact, investigating specific problems such as education for the disadvantaged, innovations in high school curricula, and provision of education for the first two years after high school.

On the basis of this kind of information, the needs of individual states, of particular regions, or of the country as a whole could be better determined, and priorities could be established among the many proposals requiring public funds. With nationwide records and statistics available, state governments and local communities would have knowledge of a wider range of alternatives for policy decisions.

In addition, a variety of informational and advisory services would be provided.

The compact would have no authority to impose its decisions on the states. The commission created through the compact would be a fact-finding, analytical and recommendatory organization, not an administrative body. It is expected, however, that since the chief political officers and professional educators of each state would be involved in formulating the recommendations, they will be listened to with care by state legislators and education administrators.

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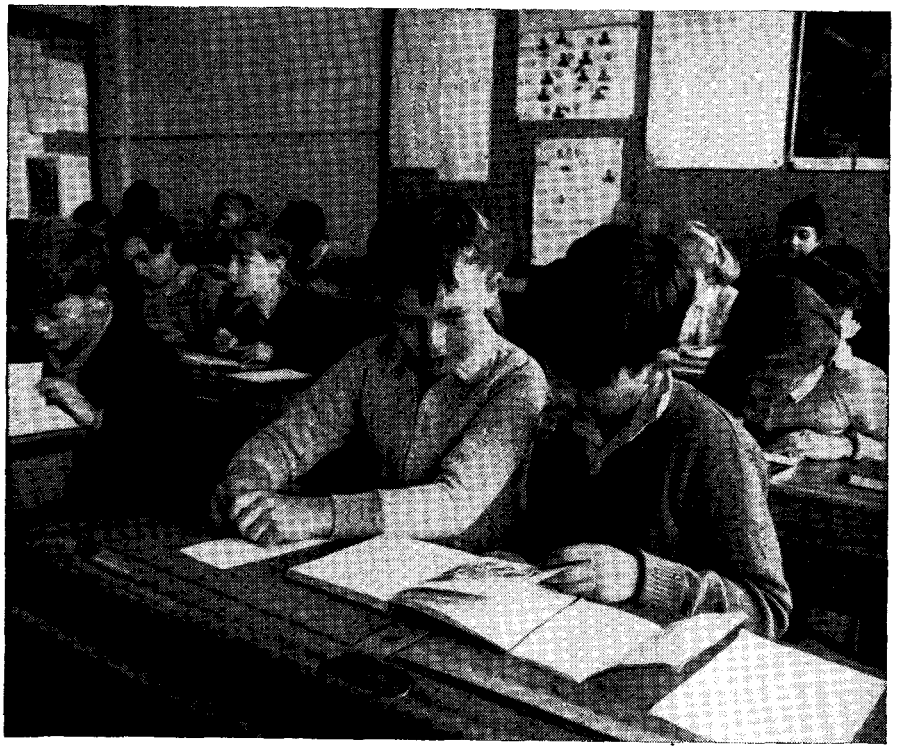

—Keystone.

—Moholy-Nagy (Black Star).

"The Labor party holds that there is no educational justification for separating children of secondary school age into schools of significantly different aims, status, and quality."

NEW DIRECTIONS FOR BRITISH EDUCATION?

By MAURICE N. HENNESSY, *New York correspondent for the "London Times Educational Supplement" and author of the recent book, "Africa Under My Heart."*

MR. ANTHONY CROSLAND, Secretary of State for Education in England, recently told a Labor Party conference, "Speaking as a socialist minister, I am determined that there should be less privilege, less hierarchy, and less aristocracy in our educational system. I am, as I have always been, an unrepentant egalitarian. I believe in real equal opportunity; and a high degree of educational equality is a basic condition of equal opportunity." This and similar statements by the Secretary indicate that if England's Labor Government, with its slim majority in the House of Commons, survives for a protracted period, major changes in British education may occur in the near future.

Two vital issues are involved in the proposed changes: the present examination that all children take at eleven years of age, and the future of Britain's famous public schools.

The eleven-year examination is designed to divide all children into two main levels of academic potential. The upper group, with the greater potential, is "streamed" into government secondary grammar schools with the ultimate goal, after much sifting, of providing university entrants. The other group is "streamed" into government secondary modern schools which train, for the most part, artisans and junior civil servants.

The eleven-year examination has been a controversial issue for some time, both inside and outside the United Kingdom. The Secretary for Education said recently that it is impossible to predict with any certainty how children of eleven years of age will develop. He added further that there is no educational justification for separating children of secondary-school age into schools of significantly different aims, status, and quality. He maintained that any form of separatism in secondary education reflects and reinforces social strata in society.

One of England's most esteemed headmasters, on the other hand, said of the eleven-year examination: "I am sure most would agree that it is silly to bogify it as a terrible affair for the vast majority of children. Sentimentality—or worse, the pressures of parental vanity—dressed up as psychology would be fair comment on some of the lurid images of distraught children.

"Behind the criticism are four widespread misconceptions—that these tests are final, fallible, unfair so early, and limited to grammar school selection."

Mr. Crosland's basic plan is to abolish the examination at age eleven and replace it with entry for all into a comprehensive secondary-school system. For the past few years experiments have been in progress in various areas (some Labor-dominated) to test the efficiency of the comprehensive school, the main purpose of which is to level off all secondary education with only one standard.

To date, the main forms of comprehensive organization which have emerged from discussion and limited experimentation, and which the Labor Government requires to be the bases for reform, are as follows:

1) An orthodox comprehensive school with an age range of eleven to eighteen.

2) A two-tier system whereby all pupils transfer at eleven to a junior comprehensive school and all go on

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at thirteen or fourteen to a senior comprehensive school.

3) At the age of thirteen or fourteen some pupils move on to a senior school, while the remainder stay on in the same school. There are two variations in this pattern which differ in an important respect: in one type, the comprehensive school provides no course terminating in a public examination, and normally keeps pupils only until fifteen; in the other type, the comprehensive school keeps pupils at any rate until sixteen, and encourages transfer at the appropriate stage to the sixth form of the senior school.

4) A two-tier system in which all pupils on leaving primary school transfer to a junior comprehensive school. At the age of thirteen or fourteen all pupils have a choice between a senior school catering to those who expect to stay at school substantially beyond the compulsory age and a senior school catering to those who do not.

5) Comprehensive schools with an age range of eleven to sixteen combined with sixth-form colleges for pupils over sixteen.

The whole problem of these "comprehensives" has sparked off the greatest educational controversy in half a century. The *Times Educational Supplement*, which prides itself on its independent approach to education, had this to say: "America has had comprehensive education for fifty years, but class is not extinct in America. In fact, its lines are drawn more tightly than fifty years ago. More might be achieved [in Britain] by a uniformity of family incomes, but the policy does not appeal, for one reason or another, to Labor people. They prefer half-measures, which promise no real shifting of the class structure of this country. It is, however, worth asking the price of this trifling. What are the educational consequences of an unpromising social course?"

Many of the 3,500 secondary modern school headmasters believe that they are being unnecessarily goaded into a change which at best is questionable when it has already been established by a previous government report that: "It is misleading to assess the success of secondary modern schools when they are still a long way from having had this period with adequate resources to achieve their purpose. It is, of course, even more premature to attempt a reasoned judgment on comprehensive and other types of secondary organization."

The second vital issue that is being raised, the future of Britain's public schools, also involves profound changes in the nation's educational system. The public schools—Britain's counterpart of our private or independent boarding schools—have long been the backbone of the British class system. Offering the most open path to university training, they have traditionally provided a special kind of social status and educational advantage to the members of England's ruling class.

Reginald Prentice, Mr. Crosland's Minister of State for Education and Science, said at a public meeting earlier this year that the public schools constitute one of the major causes of class division in Britain and are "a sort of escalator into the older and better-known universities and then into top jobs." At the same time he admitted that: "Whatever one may think of their social ethos, they are on average educationally superior to the government-maintained schools." The reason advanced by the minister for this quality in education is the ratio of pupils per teacher. He cited the fact that there were 20.1 pupils per teacher in a secondary modern school; 17.9 pupils per teacher in state grammar schools; but only 11.5 pupils per teacher in the public and independent schools.

Mr. Crosland intends to level off this ratio for he finds that it is only a privileged sector of society that is enabled to utilize these schools. His reaction is that "it rules out 90 per cent of the population and constitutes a flagrant denial of equal opportunity." Consequently he intends to give the utmost priority to the abolition of the public schools in their present state. To date he has proposed no definite action despite his words: "Something must be done on the grounds of democracy and social justice about the public schools." He has admitted that he is not ready yet to make a detailed statement, but he said in referring to the public schools: "This is a matter of basic priorities; and with all due respect I am not prepared to have these priorities set by Lord Cromer and Sir George Bolton. They must be laid down by the elected government of the day. And the Labor Government will not allow, as Conservative governments so often did, education to become the first casualty of the balance of payment crises."

While the Labor Government has clearly marked its battle lines for the future educational policy, it has some serious obstacles to overcome. Crosland has to find money and teachers to carry out his comprehensive school plan. The last Conservative Government planned 80,000 places in Britain's universities for the training of teachers to be ready by 1970. According to Mr. Crosland it would have taken until 1981 under this scheme before all classes were reduced to forty in primary schools and thirty in secondary schools. Crosland has put forward a plan whereby the target figure will be 111,000 by 1973 and 1974. No matter how well his project works it will still not give any extra teachers before 1970.

As an interim measure he is endeavoring to bring back married women teachers whom he asks to relinquish their domestic duties, if at all possible. He has also called for part-time teachers and has embarked on a large advertising campaign to attract them. However, it is in the third part of his program for the recruitment of teachers that he has run into his most serious difficulty: he has proposed fairly large scale recruitment of auxiliary teachers. The National

(*Continued on page* 65)

—*Keystone.*

"Mr. Crosland's basic plan is to abolish the examination at age eleven and replace it with entry for all into a comprehensive school system."

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Opening New Doors

The Bright Key, *by Monroe E. Spaght (Appleton-Century-Crofts, Division of Meredith Publishing, New York, 200 pp., $4.95), is a collection of eighteen speeches delivered by the President of Shell Oil Company before academic, professional, and industrial audiences. The reviewer is the Executive Secretary of the Council for the Advancement of Small Colleges.*

By ALFRED T. HILL

THE TITLE of this book of speeches is drawn from Benjamin Franklin's observation, "The used key is always bright."

"This homily," according to Mr. Spaght, "applies with relevance to the place of education in today's world. . . . Education to the limit of each individual's abilities is the brightest key to a better world tomorrow."

As President of Shell Oil Company, Mr. Spaght, who holds his bachelor's and doctor's degrees from Stanford and his master's degree from the University of Leipzig, speaks as both an educator and a businessman.

In his opening chapter, "What Industry Wants of Education," the author expresses a refreshing attitude. He does not complain about either the quality of educated men going into industry (10,000 with college degrees in Shell) or the quality of their education—"the good engineer today is importantly stronger in background than the good engineer of twenty-five years ago." What he calls for is a man with a well-rounded liberal education, not so that he can "get on better with his associates and subordinates," but so that he "can see himself and his management responsibility in relation to the social and economic and political scene of which he is a part. . . . Therefore, we would ask education to give us men with taste, respect for intelligence, and independence of judgment that will give them confidence to approach the public for what it is—a group of distinct individuals, not a lump of reflexes waiting to be conditioned."

Educators will be particularly interested in the author's views on "The Case for Corporate Giving." After a brief review of the Shell aid-to-education program comes this observation, referring favorably to private versus tax-supported universities: "The role of the seed-corn universities in our national life is underestimated and the debt that business owes to these institutions is, I believe, largely overlooked. . . . We in free enterprise should look to the needs of . . . the free, independent institution."

In 1952, five years before the Soviet Union launched the first space satellite, leaders of American industry founded the Council for Financial Aid to Education. They did so because they recognized the dependence of business and industry upon higher education for educated manpower, new knowledge, and a social and economic climate necessary to the continued existence of the free-enterprise system.

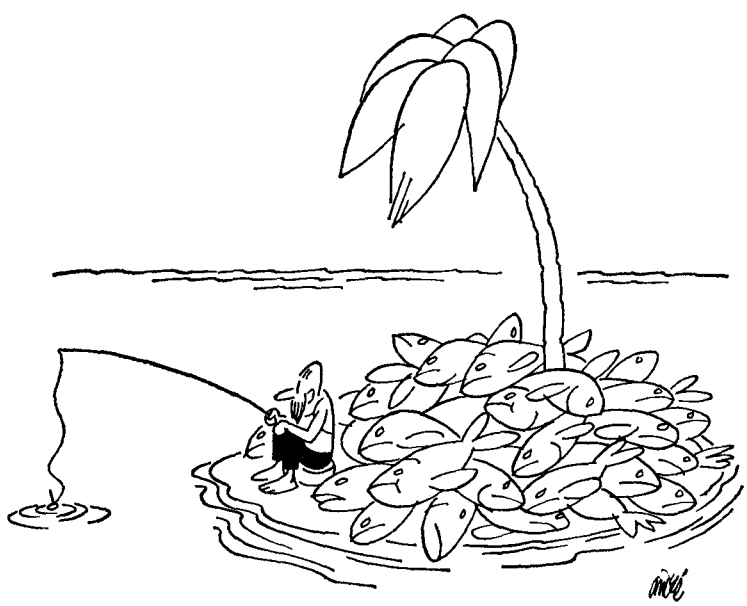
As testimony to the alertness of the business community to the needs of education, it is impressive to learn that in the decade from 1954 to 1964, while the pre-tax income of twenty-one leading corporations increased by 47 per cent, their aid to education increased by 221 per cent.

Current support from business to higher education is estimated by CFAE at $250,000,000 and it is supposed to double by 1970.

It is against this background of industrial financial concern for higher education that Mr. Spaght's book is particularly interesting. His remarks are also timely in connection with a mid-June symposium on "New Dimensions for the Business-Education Partnership" held at Columbia's Graduate School of Business and financed by the C.I.T. Financial Corporation. At this conference there was general agreement upon a need for better understanding between the business and academic communities; a call for mutual involvement of faculty members, students, and business personnel; and a better image of business with more emphasis upon social benefits and less upon its private profits. *The Bright Key* could have been assigned as "advance required reading" for the participants in this meeting.

In his introduction, John W. Gardner, president of the Carnegie Corporation (newly appointed Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare), says, "There are still those who say that a high level of scientific training produces only specialists with a narrow outlook. The charge was never true, and this book is ample refutation of it. The author of this book is living proof that there is a solution to the ancient debate over whether we should be training specialists or generalists. . . . The truth is that we need both. . . . The modern world needs men who can work with complex organizations yet retain their individuality, who can master technology yet retain their humanity, and who can move easily between reflection and action. This book is written by such a man."

The fact that Mr. Spaght has recently gone to London to become a managing director of the Royal Dutch Shell group of companies, "the largest non-American-based corporate entity in the world," would seem to justify Mr. Gardner's accolade. It is certainly true that both industry and education owe Mr. Spaght a debt of gratitude for explaining each with insight and understanding to the other and for giving encouragement to their continued and closer partnership in the future.



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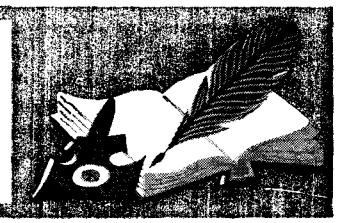
New Books



Private Independent Schools; The 1965 Yearbook. *Bunting and Lyon, Inc., (Wallingford, Conn.).* 1,367 *pp.* $12. Details the academic programs and the essential facts of nearly 1,000 of the leading private schools located throughout the United States, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Canada, and American schools located in eight other foreign countries. Included is information on programs for boys', girls', and co-educational schools, and programs at the primary, elementary and secondary levels.

Vocational Education: Part I of the Sixty-fourth Yearbook of the National Society for the Study of Education. *Edited by Melvin L. Barlow. University of Chicago Press.* 301 *pp.* $5. Compiles chapters by prominent educators with varying backgrounds and points of view on the subject. Authors include Eli Ginzberg, George E. Arnstein, John Patrick Walsh, Franklin J. Keller, and Mayor D. Mobley.

Art Education: Part II of the Sixty-fourth Yearbook of the National Society for the Study of Education. *Edited by W. Reid Hastie. University of Chicago Press.* 346 *pp.* $5. Brings together materials on the research, theory, and practice of art education in the schools, on the process for the improvement of instruction in art, and on the preparation of teachers to provide this instruction.

The Child. *Edited by William Kessen. John Wiley and Sons.* 301 *pp. Cloth,* $4.95. *Paperback,* $2.95. A book of readings in the history and prehistory of child psychology, from the late seventeenth century to the present.

Measuring Educational Achievement. *By Robert L. Ebel. Prentice-Hall.* 481 *pp.* $7.95. An examination of educational achievement tests—their functions, problems, and solutions.

The Administration of Academic Affairs in Higher Education. *By Robert L. Williams. The University of Michigan Press (Ann Arbor).* 182 *pp.* $6. Aims to relate administrative policies and procedures to the academic functions and achievements of higher educational institutions, defining areas of responsibility, suggesting typical problems, and giving examples of approaches in actual situations.

Education as a Discipline. *By Marc Belth. Allyn and Bacon.* 317 *pp. Paperback,* $3.95. Views the proper subject matter of the discipline of education as the models by which knowledge is organized, transmitted, and extended.

Problems in Secondary Social Studies. *By Daniel Selakovich. Prentice-Hall.* 292 *pp. Paperback,* $3.95. Attempts to apply the problem-solving approach to certain selected problems in social studies.

The Dropout: Causes and Cures. *By Lucius F. Cervantes. The University of Michigan Press.* 244 *pp.* $5.95. Investigates the background and personality characteristics of 300 youths, half of whom completed high school and half of whom dropped out. The dropout's views of himself, family, friends, and teachers, are compared with those of high school graduates having the same I.Q. and similar social and economic background.

Social Perspectives on Education: The Society, the Student, the School. *By Dorothy Westby-Gibson. John Wiley and Sons.* 481 *pp.* $7.50. Stresses the sociocultural context of exploding knowledge, expanding population, and rapidly changing culture in which American education takes place, analyzing new developments—such as programs for dropouts and ungraded schools, and current issues—such as federal aid, religion, and the schools.

A Citizen's Manual for Public Schools. *By Mortimer Smith. Little, Brown and Company.* 125 *pp. Paperback,* $1.45. A handbook of information and advice written from the viewpoint of the Council for Basic Education which holds that "only by the maintenance of high academic standards can the ideal of democratic education be realized."

The First Years in College: Preparing Students for a Successful College Career. *Edited by Harry N. Rivlin, Dorothy M. Fraser and Milton R. Stern. Little, Brown and Company.* 605 *pp.* $8.95. An introduction to each field of study as well as an introduction to college study as a whole, offering the student a frame of reference for approaching each subject and knowing what is expected of him.

Freedom and Education. *Edited by Helen Huus, University of Pennsylvania Press.* 274 *pp.* $3.75. The proceedings of the Fifty-first Annual Schoolmen's Week (October 9-12, 1963), including addresses by Harold Taylor and Edward D. Eddy, Jr.

Freedom in Education: Federal Aid for *All* Children. *By Virgil C. Blum. Doubleday.* 235 *pp.* $4.95. An argument by a Catholic educator for extending federal aid to private and parochial education.

The Market for College Teachers. *By David G. Brown. University of North Carolina Press.* 301 *pp.* $7.50. An economic analysis of career patterns among southeastern social scientists.

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Scholarships Misused

Continued from page 50

refuse to come home that Kenya in desperation is sending teams to retrieve them from our campuses. These efforts so far have been unsuccessful.

The waste here as elsewhere is compounded because scholarships are often intended to train counterpart native staff for service in local colleges or specialized government work. Meanwhile, to relieve the shortage of teaching staff, much of the work is carried on by international experts. When the students fail to return, two alternatives remain, both expensive. Either the technical assistance programs are continued at great cost to everyone, or the experts leave and the country's stability is endangered by a more acute lack of trained personnel for essential jobs. All the money and efforts spent on sending the young elite overseas yield a net economic loss to the nation as well as to the donors.

Our own administration tried to learn who or what was at fault for such flagrant waste. Of the 1,100 Kenyans studying in the United States under various auspices, 200 are sent by our Agency for International Development in Kenya. Many stay here. To cover its embarrassment, U.S. AID in Kenya dispatched guidance teams back to America offering emoluments to those who would adjust their courses to help fill critical vacancies in the civil service or development programs of their country. This effort, too, proved unsuccessful.

In Tanganyika the law states that when a man finishes the sixth form he cannot apply for an overseas scholarship unless it meets a manpower priority requirement. Postgraduates are wanted so badly that the state cannot afford to let them go abroad yet. Later, perhaps. In return for the grants, which are made directly available to the government, and not to political parties as is so often the case in West Africa, Tanganyikan students are bonded. On completing their instruction, they must work for the government for anywhere from three to five years. So far, this so-called bonding step is only morally enforceable. However, the authorities intend to try a test case in the courts.

It is significant that this is not the only country preparing to invoke legal action in an effort to make the young fulfil their obligations. In Ghana, bonding has now become effective. The graduate who takes to commercial activities instead of abiding by his commitment is hauled into court. If he does not comply, the judges insist on his paying off his debt at the rate of about $100 a month. This applies equally to lawyers and doctors instructed abroad.

In Pakistan all applications must have Ministry of Education approval to discourage misuse of scholarship funds. The Fulbright contribution alone amounts to $500,000. The United States recognized that it could not lose control over the awards. To help ensure their proper use, a collaborative effort was initiated and a board chosen comprising chancellors of the universities, delegates from the Ministry of Education, two officers from the Embassy and the representative of a foundation which has large interests in the country. Results are temporarily gratifying to all concerned. Pakistan can carry out its policy of keeping undergraduates at home. Of the 1,000 Pakistani going to school in the United States through private and foundation funds, three-fourths are engaged in postgraduate work.

President Houphouet-Boigny of the Ivory Coast takes a drastic stand. He wants all the 1,500 boys and girls who go to France on scholarships every year to come back.

None of the steps taken by any of the countries are as effective as they should be. Further action must come from the donor countries. The United States can and should take the lead. But a new policy in this case must start with a new attitude.

WE all know that our own huge scholarship program, like those of other Western governments such as France and Russia, is not motivated entirely by philanthropy and the urge to share our ideals, however powerful the American missionary spirit may be. We are not innocent of cultural imperialism. But this is no reason for curtailing our cultural programs. On the contrary, they should be expanded along new lines. Helping the recipient nations in accordance with their desiderata will in the long run win us more friends than doing things our way.

Increasingly, the trend is toward more multilateral aid, away from bilateral aid. And we want to make sure that our bilateral aid projects themselves, often very expensive, do not languish because the trained nationals have exiled themselves from home.

The thoughtful people in the less affluent parts of the world want us to recognize why they desperately need higher education that is indigenous to their own countries. Although grateful for our efforts, they need teaching that illuminates their own ancestral struggles, not ours; programs oriented toward their economic and political problems, not ours; education, in short, that launches students into the mainstream of their own nations' future, not ours. And to achieve this they would prefer to see the bulk of scholarship funds devoted to improving their own national or regional colleges.

In many African states, however, assistance funds and efforts have been lavished in trying to build up national educational institutions which simply do not carry enough prestige. *Enseignement au rabais* is the cry I have often heard in former French territories, by which they mean "cheap bargain education." It is scarcely cheap to France, and it meets adequately the urgent needs of those lands. Sorbonne doctorates are not an urgent requisite. Intellectual snobbism is rife, part of the great status contest.

Local institutions could be improved if they were financed with the bulk of undergraduate scholarship funds.

An outstanding example is the new University College in Dar-es-Salaam. Curricula are realistic and exciting to professors and students. They do not follow the British syllabus. Different degrees are given in geography, economics, history as they apply to Eastern Africa. Julius Caesar and the War of the Roses do not hover above the programs. Here they are not interested in the chauvinistic, Western presentation of history in schools. Some of the new lands have scant history in our sense, but they would like to have what there is of it so represented as to enhance the image of the country in the eyes of the young, thereby strengthening the sense of nationhood. This principle is applied at Dar-es-Salaam. Where appropriate textbooks are not available, and they rarely are throughout Africa or Asia, professors extemporize with mimeographed materials.

This touchy question of the teaching of history is acute even in the more developed countries. For example, sociologists in India are trying to improve the teaching of their past. The emphasis traditionally has been placed on northern India, while the South is virtually excluded from the books, and a disproportionate amount of space is devoted to British colonization of the subcontinent. This tends to generate bad feelings generally between different parts of India and with the West. A revision is necessary, provided it is handled intelligently. But here again, there is an acute shortage of historians.

At Tanganyika's University College, the creation of new curricula to meet local needs applies to many courses. Literature, for instance, is not taught as the history of literature. The works studied are immediately related to the student's background. Since most of them come from the country, an entire course is devoted to poetry in rural life. This poetry, which dominates their childhood, is thereby placed in an objective environment providing a more mature perspective.

The law school has created *ad hoc* programs answering the government's requirements of the moment. If the

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administration says: "We need ten diplomats," the University College extemporizes to produce them; later on there are specialized courses to compensate for early deficiencies.

Lively young professors are attracted to the college because they like the challenge. And the new attitude of flexibility which they reflect is pervasive; here adult education is not regarded as a fringe operation but is given high priority. The environment is dynamic. The ultimate tribute is that all of the pupils take their work seriously, without dismissing it as a "cheap bargain.' Their task also is immediately related to the day-to-day problems of African life.

Here the progress is outstanding and offers a prototype to the rest of the world because it has achieved another sorely needed goal, federation of several institutions, which must be encouraged elsewhere.

The collaborative pattern established runs as follows: in Uganda, Makerere University concentrates on medicine; in Kenya the Royal College specializes in science and engineering, while the University College of Tanganyika teaches law.

As these three colleges improve their faculties and enlarge their activities, an increasing number of students from all over the continent will tend to gravitate toward them.

Inadequately staffed universities unable to cover the whole spectrum of courses and subjects might be induced to collaborate with two or three other national institutions in the region. Consistent with the pattern established in Uganda, Kenya, and Tanganyika, they would have a two-year arts program common to all, with each specializing thereafter in a particular field such as science, the law, or medicine.

Another striking example is the new Chinese University of Hong Kong. A bold experiment, it brings together three colleges, three distinct strands of education that have existed for years: a) the missionary, represented by the Christian colleges, b) the national public school, c) the private school imported from Britain. The remarkable Vice-Chancellor, constantly under attack from both sides, Chinese and British, is Dr. Choh Ming Li, who left his prominent post at the University of California to accept the challenge of creating a totally new type of institution. On his board of advisors are people like Pusey of Harvard and Fulton of Cambridge. He insists on having both American and English scholars.

"This university," he said proudly, "will be a focus of East-West relations. It will attract the entire Far East, and it is here that the West will truly begin at last to learn from the East."

Dr. Li is now gathering a small nucleus of people to work on research that will revolutionize the entire concept of traditional university learning by adapting it to Chinese needs. Every department from social sciences to business administration will be reoriented to fit the customs and background of the people. And his academic support is impressive.

The Chinese University and the Federated Colleges of East Africa demonstrate what can be done in finding a new kind of intellectual diet for local consumption.

GROWTH through education needs roots if it is to withstand the winds of change. As now used, our scholarship funds tend to make aliens of students in the developing countries. Some of these funds can be used in other ways.

The objective is three-pronged: to devise curricula that nourish the roots, to provide educators able to teach the revised courses, and to create more colleges along the lines indicated, either national or federated. The plan could proceed in a succession of steps.

First, chairs for visiting professors could be established in the already existing institutions overseas that boast high standards. Every region, if not every country, has one.

Second, these professors would concentrate on adapting traditional curricula to encompass the cultural background and economic requirements of a specific people or, as is often the case, of several adjacent nations with common problems.

Then, new colleges should be created. Where would the funds come from? Some of it, at least, could come from scholarships, which average $4,000 a year. The 2,054 Tanganyikan students alone on scholarships represent an outlay of $8 million annually. The same amounts apply relatively to Uganda and Kenya. Such large sums can push a university's development ahead quite fast.

For example, it is interesting to conjecture what could happen to Lovanium University in the Congo under a revised policy. AID has established it as an African Regional Center and supports a scholarship program for fifty-four students to come there each year. Although the university is well equipped to take in 2,500 students, the enrolment for 1963-64 was only 1,087. Meanwhile, 2,000 young people go to Belgium and nearly 400 to France. This is quite a waste. With the same funds Lovanium, complete with new dormitory space, could be even better equipped and enroll the bulk of these students.

At the Federated Colleges of East Africa and the new Chinese University, students should cease to be uprooted emotionally and feel instead the exhilaration of learning without losing the unique sense of identity which is to be found in being the citizen of one's own country.

Isn't that, after all, our ultimate purpose in providing scholarships to students from the very new nations? If those funds as now used are failing in part to accomplish their purpose, haven't we the generosity of imagination as well as purse to make drastic changes? A scholarship is not a one-way street. We have much to gain in understanding from the educational assistance we give.

"I know this sounds silly, but I'm still sleepy."

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India

Continued from page 52

Yet the real parts of ourselves which we could communicate to India were limited. An IBM card, a neatly typed philosophy paper, the March on Washington—these were not merely objects or events; they were forces which made us unique. They were not stories apart from us, but stories within us.

The Western emphasis on individuality, the belief in the importance of one's self became a reality. We found ourselves asking, "How does this affect me?" while the Indian students were concerned with "How will this affect my family?"

It was our emphasis on the self that frustrated our attempts to communicate. We wanted to learn, but we wanted also to teach. The need to give something of oneself is an unspoken part of our culture. It finds its outlet concretely in the need to accomplish something.

Being students, we were dealing with ideas, yet we found it impossible to give what we had, an honest account of ourselves. It did not seem enough to return home with a few written papers and colorful slides. We had absorbed much, but we wanted also to leave our mark on India. We had wanted to act, and herein lies the frustration of the year.

Often we retreated into the common understanding of our own American group, though this refuge had before seemed too ethnocentric for our idealistic hopes. You did not go "abroad" and "stick with your own group." We could not have predicted this retreat, but it was a very real part of our year in India.

The group feeling did, however, work toward an undermining as well as a rehabilitation of each individual. One aspect of our fifteen years of training in American schools emerged clear and strong in India. That was the competitive nature of the American student.

Each of us was guilty of judging our own progress and success by the activities of the others in our group. Often only grudging compliments were paid to those who succeeded where you had failed or, worse, where you had refused even to try.

At times we were mentally back in the American classroom, where one of us was raising his hand to answer the teacher's question, and everyone else wished that they had been listening more closely or had read the material before class. It took more than the absence of grades and of pressures to erase from our nature the need for recognition and approval.

Finally, it may perhaps seem strange that the subject of this article is the American college student while India has played only a supporting role in the descriptions. This is the paradox of the Junior Year Abroad.

I do not believe that to remain inside America through all college years is to miss the forest for the trees. Yet it is the nature of the American university to make most questions optional or at least predictable. We choose our major fields; we are supplied with rules and regulations; and we enjoy the comforts of soft chairs and hot coffee.

When the American student is transplanted for a year into a foreign situation, he faces involuntary questions and obstacles. He begins to define what is possible, probable, and inevitable. He learns of limitations, of walls and of barriers, and he is frustrated by his own need to accomplish. Whole areas of his personality that were sheltered from growth emerge and shock him. And then he returns to his university in America.

We carried with us to India a system of answers and returned with only a vision of questions. They are questions about India, about America, and about ourselves. The year abroad stands apart as a beginning. In his *Four Quartets*, T. S. Eliot has written of this beginning:

> We shall not cease from exploration
> And the end of all our exploring
> Will be to arrive where we started
> And know the place for the first
> time.

"We realized the uniqueness of our American identity perhaps for the first time."

Soviet Education

Continued from page 56

and regard with dismay their teachers' interest in moving them about the factory in search of new polytechnical experiences.

After five years of this experiment in work-study organization for the senior secondary schools, the 1964-65 school year opened with the abrupt announcement in mid-August by E. I. Afanasenko, Minister of Education of the RSFSR, that the senior secondary school course was to be cut back from three years to two years, and that the time allotted to production practice would also be cut. The official explanation was that the growing efficiency of Soviet pedagogy now enabled pupils to master in two years what had previously taken three. In fact, it has become increasingly evident that production training has turned out hundreds of thousands of rather poorly skilled young carpenters, lathe operators, and other relatively low grade, semi-skilled personnel whose training costs were completely wasted in the economic sense because very few of them would later in life be engaged in those trades in which they had been trained. Whatever may have been the ideological returns to practical vocational training of secondary school children, its economic returns have been slight. Vocational training of all Soviet youth has not yet been abandoned, but the writing is on the wall for another one of N. S. Khrushchev's educational and economic panaceas.

The fifth problem is reflected in the view of the Soviet government that young men and women who have enjoyed a higher education at society's expense owe the State a few years' service in locations which may not be quite of their own choosing. The Soviet Union has a quite extraordinary number of somewhat unpleasant (or at least unpopular) and remote places to which young graduates may be assigned. The difficulties encountered by the authorities in persuading young graduates to take up jobs in these areas and to stay at them for the two or three years of the assignment are legion. But such difficulties are only part of the larger problem of the "correct," or "rational," allocation of the Soviet Union's reserves of skilled labor among all the alternative patterns of employment that are theoretically possible. However successful the schools and colleges may be in training millions of young people to work in the national economy, much of the profit to society is in jeopardy if there is widespread misallocation of trained personnel. Except for the armed forces, and for the post-graduation assignments just mentioned, the Soviets have rejected conscription of

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labor as a method of allocation. They prefer to rely upon a "managed-market" technique, in which the central planners are supposed to manipulate the relative monetary and non-monetary rewards and advantages of occupations and jobs to ensure that skilled labor goes where the planners want it to go, and stays there until the planners decree otherwise. But there is great dissatisfaction among Soviet planners and economists about the operation of the present system of labor allocation, and the suspicion is growing that there is significant waste of the trained manpower that has been produced at such great public cost.

Finally, a word about the costs of education. The Soviet state has a more than usual interest in these costs, for in the Soviet Union the State budget bears almost the full burden of the direct costs of teachers' salaries, building expenses, instructional materials, and so forth. Even in so far as Soviet enterprises or collective farms share the financial burden, the economic and financial planners must take these expenditures into account when drafting the all-important overall economic "balances" of the plan.

During the 1950s, enrollments in schools of general education fluctuated quite widely, yet throughout all the variations in enrollment, costs per pupil enrolled rose remorselessly. Indeed, between 1950 and 1961 money costs per pupil in the schools of general education rose by 56 per cent, and this at a time of generally falling ruble prices. In terms of constant rubles, expenditures per pupil in general education schools rose by no less than 79 per cent. Only in higher education was the financial picture brighter, because of the widespread introduction of correspondence and evening study. In higher education, in terms of constant rubles, costs per student actually declined by about 10 per cent during the decade.

The economies of scale that larger enrollments create (mainly by bringing down the teacher-pupil ratio) may help a little in restraining per pupil costs, but last November the underpaid Soviet teachers received their first general salary increase since 1948. The raises are considerable, amounting to between 20 and 25 per cent of most salaries in teaching. The Soviet school system is more "labor-intensive" than most (that is, the fraction of total costs spent on wages and salaries is still quite high), and increases in salaries have great and immediate impact on costs. Also, the main "cost-raisers" in the Soviet system are the small, so-called dwarf, rural schools with a dozen pupils or so. They are likely to remain a tough problem for any cost-conscious Soviet educational administrator, at least until the necessary billions of rubles are invested in the construction of rural highways which alone will make rural school consolidations possible.

Another probable result of the cost problem in general education has been the apparent failure to reach the target of 2.5 million boarding-school places set by Khrushchev for the end of the current Seven-Year Plan in 1965. If ordinary general education has been somewhat expensive, boarding-school provision costs a fortune. In 1960, boarding-school costs per pupil were no less than seven times more than day-school costs, and average contributions from parents amounted to no more than 7 to 8 per cent of the total. Construction costs in boarding schools are generally about four times higher per place than in day schools. Little wonder that the expansion of boarding-school provision, so loudly proclaimed from 1956 to 1960, has since been less stridently advertised.

AFTER all, the Soviet Union is not a country with resources to squander; in trying so hard to reach and overtake the West the planners have created a host of competing demands upon its wealth. Education secures a formidable slice of those scarce resources, and is therefore expected to make the best use of what it is given and help solve some of the pressing economic problems of Soviet society. The Soviets themselves seem to have come to a belated recognition of the existence of some of these problems. Last October it was announced that, for the first time in the Soviet Union, a research institute into the problems of the economics of education has been established at the Lenin Pedagogical Institute in Moscow. One can safely forecast that it will have much work to do, for despite the Soviet insistence on planning education and economic development, the study of the economics of education has been as neglected in the Soviet Union as it has been until recently in the West.

None of the problems of Soviet education reviewed here is new. Nor are they peculiar to Soviet society. In the West, too, we have our difficulties with juvenile delinquency, lack of commitment to high social and moral purposes, rising costs of education, and the inflexibility of the school system in the face of rapidly changing social and economic demands. But the Soviets have always claimed, and continue to claim, that their Marxist-Leninist approach to the problems of social institutions (including, of course, education) provides them swiftly and surely with the solutions to difficulties that continue to plague the West. At the very least, these hopes appear to be over-optimistic. Marxist-Leninism may have done much for the Soviet Union. What it has not done is to wipe away the intractable problems of education and Soviet society.

British Education

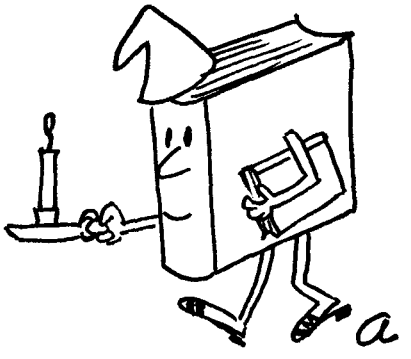
Continued from page 59

Union of Teachers, however, has avowed its resistance to the employment of persons who, while they may have a good academic background, have no professional training. Although it is the intention that such personnel would work only under the direct supervision of qualified teachers, teacher organizations maintain that circumstances would arise which would make it necessary to hand over classes to auxiliaries thereby diluting professional standards.

If the comprehensive school system works out as is planned, where is either the space or the money to be found to send the students to college? The proposed system, if it is to be comprehensive, must after a secondary education offer college facilities. For a long time British educators and the Labor Government have looked at the U.S. system in the hope that they might be able to find some guidance that would provide more opportunity for colleges and college education.

But even if the British colleges doubled or trebled within the next twenty years there would still not be enough university space to satisfy the needs of would-be college students. The Robbins Committee of a few years ago advocated, and plans were made, for expansion of higher institutions. But as a British educator working in the United States has written: "The main issues are ones of finance, academic freedom, and staff recruitment. Robbins's proposals on these important matters leave little hope that there will be change where change is most needed." In Britain there are few large foundations comparable to those in America and the only hope for commanding sufficient resources to support higher education on a large scale would be through aid from Parliament. It is questionable that any British Parliament for years to come will ever be able to afford the kind of expense that would be required.

But of all the queries raised with re-



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gard to the new proposals, none is as important as the question of general educational standards. Many people are convinced that a leveling social process will only end in a dilution of academic quality. No one has even remotely hinted that the proposed comprehensive school can equal initially the quality of either government grammar schools or the public schools. The abolition of these institutions must therefore mean a decidedly lower average standard in secondary education which will of necessity cause the universities to lower their minimum levels.

Last Easter Mr. Leslie Harris, president of the National Association of Schoolmasters, said: "I do not believe that a large expansion in university places could either be maintained at the present entrance levels or could provide a massive expansion in the number of graduates entering schools each year. Indeed, I am certain that the development of the technological age will draw an increasing number of graduates into industry at the expense of the education service. I am equally certain that there must be *a lowering of the standards of entry into the universities* and consequently of entry into the colleges of education if the proposed expansion of the universities takes place."

THERE are many who will quarrel with the ideology of the Labor Party; but most people believe that the time has come for more justice and equality in British education. However, there is always a danger that those who pursue an ideology with the fervor which the Labor Party is displaying at the moment, are apt to lose sight of the ultimate goals. The present situation of teacher supply in Britain is critical; classes are notoriously large and Britain is committed to raise the school leaving age, giving children a longer school life. The birth rate in Britain is growing at a serious rate and, in fact, educators and those responsible for children are almost snowed under with the magnitude of their problem. School buildings in Britain are atrociously outmoded and there is an urgent need for vast expenditures to rectify the situation. So, in the final analysis, the question is: is it possible to implement the ambitious, and in many ways praiseworthy, ideals of the Labor Party?

Apart from the uncertainty of its own political life and the enthusiasm of its beliefs, as a responsible government its first duty is to the child. To begin a job which it cannot finish and to lower educational standards and be unable to provide the necessary funds to raise them again would, in the eyes of most educators, be far more reprehensible than to wait and implement their ideological ambitions once the long existent and fundamental problems have been solved.

Education Letters

Continued from page 47

the man who is a dedicated and skilled teacher in any subject. If they do reward such service, it is usually the reward of promotion to non-teaching duties.

I would suggest to Mr. Perkins that university presidents stop worrying about whether or not they should try to fit professional artists into the academic community, and start worrying about fitting the good teacher (of the arts or the sciences) into the academic community.

LAWRENCE BRADLEY.

Alamosa, Colo.

Reply to Lieberman

I HAVE JUST READ Myron Lieberman's article in your June 19 issue.

As a member of the Board of Education of Briarcliff Manor, New York, I have noticed with growing alarm the movement on the part of groups the country over to exert pressure on boards of education. It seems that faculty groups, at local levels, are urged if not impelled by national education and labor organizations to maintain a posture of professionalism while relentlessly seeking to establish a commercial relationship. Their aim is to get boards of education to recognize them as sole bargaining units and to negotiate with them directly, thus establishing an operational relationship rather than having to work through normal administrative channels.

However, what is more important is that they wish to negotiate not only with respect to salary conditions, but on all matters, educational or purely administrative, before any policy is determined. Further, they wish the right to enlist the services of a third party to arbitrate should a difference of opinion develop between their board and themselves.

In my opinion, this movement will bring about deterioration of a healthy relationship. It is axiomatic that a good administration working with a capable, devoted, professional faculty makes for a superior school system.

Boards of education should recognize and respect the value and importance of teachers' points of views, their interest, and their concern. Members of faculty should be called upon regularly for their expert knowledge and professional ability. School boards should reflect their appreciation by introducing and maintaining a far-above-average salary schedule and to make certain that they have an administration that works effectively with the faculty.

By law, a school board is given the responsibility of running the school system, and this mandate carries with it certain responsibilities which, simply put, are not the board's to abdicate.

CHARLES E. RODGERS, JR.

New York, N.Y.

National Academy of Education

HURRAH! Cheers for the steps taken to establish the National Academy of Education [Editorial, *SR*, June 19]. We in education are faced with a whole series of complex problems; many of which are staggering in their magnitude and complexity. Few of these real problems are ever discussed and are just never written about. It is quite evident, I believe, that the first group that takes these problems seriously is going to pilot the boat, so to speak. I hope that the Academy will be able to point us in the right direction and that the rest of us will have enough sense to follow. Through your pages, please keep us informed of its progress.

JOHN F. THOMPSON.

East Lansing, Mich.

THE June 19 *SR* editorial "Education's Elite," mentioned the absence of administrators other than Ralph Tyler and then in July a letter lamented the absence of deans. The administrator's administrator, on the roster of the new National Academy of Education is Roald Campbell, the present dean of the graduate department of education at the University of Chicago, a former school superintendent and later director of the Midwest Administration Center at Chicago. Campbell's leadership in the advancement of administrative science has been manifest through his books on administrative theory and organization and by his work as the first editor of the *Educational Administration Quarterly*.

JOSEPH M. CRONIN,
Assistant Professor,
Graduate School of Education,
Harvard University.

Cambridge, Mass.

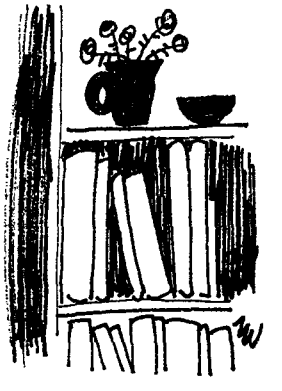
Science Teaching

CERTAINLY Mr. Drummond has every right to express his view of current elementary and secondary science curricula and teaching ["Science News in the Classroom," *SR*, July 17], but I question his unsupported, authoritative-sounding accusations that 1) classroom science teachers are teaching science as if it were a dead language, 2) few science teachers pay even lip service to current science events, and 3) science educators are unaware of the need for current science information in the classroom.

As a science editor, Mr. Drummond must realize that science is founded on the thoughtful consideration of facts, not emotional oratory. If his article is a valid reflection of his philosophy of science, it would appear that he ignores the reader's need for facts with which to formulate an intelligent conclusion, at least in so far as the effectiveness of our nation's science teachers is concerned.

ROBERT A. SCHLEY.

Flagstaff, Ariz.



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Movies

Continued from page 40

nd she takes her tinsel prominence eriously and grants her favors with an ndiscriminateness that naturally disurbs the man she lives with, who, it urns out, really loves her but won't ave her the way she wants to be.

And so she proceeds to her wealthy, nough loveless fate, and the problem of ne film is that the girl, X-rayed so reorselessly, isn't worth all that close xamination. Not the girl envisioned y the script. On the other hand, Miss hristie deserves better, and, in spite f the exigencies of the plot, her own ensitive personality keeps shining nrough and giving the lie to her actions. Maybe Diana Scott, whom she plays, vouldn't know any better, but Miss hristie would, or so she made me think. Dirk Bogarde and Laurence Harvey, owever, stay within the confines of neir roles, and do them well. As for ne Italian prince (Jose Luis De Vilalonga), he's a cipher, characterized so eebly that he seems tossed in to proide an ending. Mr. Schlesinger knows is British types, but he's all at the Mediterranean Sea when it comes to nderstanding the Italian sophisticates.

In *Harlow* (the Joseph E. Levine verion) we are presented with another oung lady who sees the world as her yster but doesn't know how to eat it. ince the events of the film bear only ne most superficial resemblance to the events in the tragic life of the screen star, the film had best be treated as fiction. It tells of a not-very-bright, blonde girl from the Midwest who, after the usual knockabout struggles in the Hollywood of the early Thirties, makes it big, mostly through the efforts of a kindly, true-blue agent (Red Buttons), who sees in her a seething sexuality that she will not allow to express itself in her real life. Turning down a handsome male star, she marries an impotent ass (as played by Peter Lawford) who immediately kills himself when he discovers (as he should have realized all along) that he can't satisfy his wife. The traumatic experience sends the girl off on a round of degrading sexual adventures that result, presumably through the intervention of some high moral power, in her dying of pneumonia.

The girl in question is played by Carroll Baker, an actress in her thirties who I persist in believing can act. (She did act in *Giant* under the direction of George Stevens, and also in *Baby Doll*, as directed by Elia Kazan.) But in following the siren song of Joseph E. Levine she seems firmly headed for a rich retirement rather than a career as an actress. Certainly in *Harlow*, she either acts clumsily or is directed clumsily by Gordon Douglas, and her own pleasant slimness of figure is distorted through camera emphasis into a parody of provocativeness. Come to think of it, maybe the moral of these movies is not so badly taken, at that. —Hollis Alpert.

Travel

Continued from page 39

f the swimming, the deep-sea fishing, he hiking and horseback trails through he cool hills, the volcanoes and the rain orests two hours away, and the opportunity he had created for people to restore themselves in natural surroundngs." Looking out over the beauty of he view beyond him, the running cresent of the beach, the deep blue of the ea cracking white against the reef and he rocks, one could hear his syllables ome floating—the Groton accents again —"wirk" and "lahst" and "cahn't." I vondered for a moment if all these lescendants of the missionary families itting out there had discovered a happy inship with this newcomer from the Eastern canyons.

Rockefeller said that in a way the planting of a hotel on a remote shore of Hawaii reminded him of the *New Yorker* cartoon in which one distraught barfly is saying to another, "As long as here was a Sea of Tranquility anywhere n the universe, you can be damn sure hat sooner or later man would slambang something right in the middle of it." Rockefeller said that the concept of family leisure and recreation was uppermost in his mind as it had been in his other projects: "We want this delightful and varied environment to provide as many as possible peace and tranquility."

Fired with inspiration, I shucked my store clothes after Mauna Kea had been properly dedicated and launched my first assault on a golf course in half a decade. Despite the handicaps offered by No. 3, which requires one to get a ball across an area of choppy Pacific sea roughly the distance between Dover and Calais, it is a magnificent playground for spiritual and physical renewal. The fairways are an electric green, as if they had been woven in the silk looms of Siam. They roll and ripple over the hills and down along the sea, running alongside wastelands of beige grass and outcroppings of jagged lava laid there in a fury long since spent. From No. 6 I could see the sea. The sun was westering, and reluctantly I pointed the cart in the general direction of the great country house, breathing in the scenes all along the way, feeling totally recreated, tranquilized, and no less full of peace than a stuffed dove.

—Horace Sutton.

Theater

Continued from page 33

face the formidable challenge of sustaining what is essentially a series of agonized laments for the catastrophic defeat suffered by the forces of Xerxes in the battle of Salamis. Since the tragedy was presented in Athens only eight years after the battle itself, it is as if we were watching Germany as it absorbed the hard lessons of its unsuccessful attempt to conquer the world. The Persians are represented as hard and cruel and therefore deserving of their fate. This makes it no less painful to them, and they decide to conjure up the ghost of their former King, Darius, for advice. Mr. Koun has in their supernatural rites produced a degree of desperation that is truly terrifying. And the intensity required to make Darius appear makes him all the more impelling when he does manifest himself. He tells his broken countrymen that they are reaping the reward of pride and godless insolence for burning Greek temples, and advises his too greedy people: "Let your soul taste each day's pleasure in spite of griefs; for all abundance holds no profit for the dead." But the Persians seem unable to receive such wisdom, and when the crushed Xerxes returns they bewail their misfortune and blindly blame their catastrophe on their own tactical mistakes rather than on the immorality of their venture.

The chorus of masked old men is magnificent. Each is mysterious, each is an individual, but all are held in the grip of one emotion. Their effectiveness is beautifully reinforced by Jani Christou's percussive Byzantine music, and the Tsarouchis costumes are earthily eloquent. Mr. Koun's direction is unsparing; we leave the theater with a new awareness of Greek history and a new insight into the Greek condition.

Admiring the Art Theatre does not preclude an appreciation of the work of the Greek National Theater, especially when the latter performs at the marvelous old theater at Epidaurus. It is quite a spectacle to see some 15,000 people invade this small village by boat and bus to experience a play. And *Oedipus Rex* does not disappoint them. For while the performances do not relate to contemporary Greece as much as do the Art Theatre's, they are nevertheless excellent and the theater itself establishes a contact to the past. Particularly impressive is the skill and precision of the handsomely attired chorus. Furthermore, Alexis Minotis is a first-rate Oedipus. Katina Paxinou also contributes a bold large-size Jocasta and Mr. Minotis's production overcomes its audiences with its grandeur and its discipline.

—Henry Hewes.

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(Continued on page 70)

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(Continued from page 69)

APARTMENT WANTED

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1637

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
Infancy.	65 71 72 38 140 89 139 121
One of the pair of men, responsible for spoken jokes in the old minstrel shows (2 wds.)	162 29 137 99 84 109
Warm, moist, SW wind of Oregon and Washington coasts.	48 124 93 6 141 114 134
Stout, brownish, cotton cloth used by U.S. Army for summer uniforms.	102 184 74 80 68
Raised in degree.	194 111 136 32 19 149 143 188
Formed crudely.	133 110 180 61 97 2 166 81 22
At the same time that "my Julia" walks along ("in silks"; 3 wds.)	12 107 79 95 21 138 179 104 160
Inquired judicially in Scots Law, esp. with respect to insanity.	75 52 7 195 123 116 33 44 163
The view; watchfulness.	54 49 42 46 132 87 76
Great technical skill in the practice of the fine arts.	16 193 155 51 115 45 101 34 1 129
Corrected; improved.	17 64 185 90 25 165 70
Near by; almost (now but little used; comp.)	10 125 174 11 178 108 145 196
One of a secret order of Ismailians whose head was the Old Man of the Mountains.	106 170 50 5 83 153 59 24

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Somewhat like a fool or simpleton.	173 182 69 189 112 63 130 186
O. A form of religious insanity in which the patient believes himself the Deity.	94 161 98 190 142 187 167 172 82
P. Small rod, peeled and put across a door to discourage entrance, formerly in Scotland (2 wds.)	175 169 37 150 118 92 105 78 40 146
Q. Period for which a Mohammedan woman may not remarry after being widowed or divorced.	156 47 30 128 177
R. Agent between two parties (2 wds.)	96 151 148 8 57 159 127 36 20 27 39 14
S. That which is elevated (less preferable form, permitted, to our horror, by WNI).	103 176 85 62 147 56
T. Taken apart.	88 23 197 9 13 31 3 53 164 120 91 58
U. Poured forth as a liquid.	15 55 191 119 126 26 122
V. Member of a team who competes last (2 wds.)	100 158 117 43 86 192 113 144 60
W. What Matthew and Waldo were guardians of in T. S. Eliot's *Cousin Nancy* (2 wds.)	183 171 66 154 35 152 181 4
X. Said of food heated over but not quite enough (comp.)	67 135 73 168 131 28 18 77 157 41

DIRECTIONS

o solve this puzzle you ust guess twenty-odd 'ORDS, the definitions which are given in the damn headed DEFINI-IONS. Alongside each finition, there is a row dashes one for each tter in the required ord. When you have essed a word, write it the dashes, and also rite each letter in the rrespondingly numbered uare of the puzzle iagram . . . When the uares are all filled in, u will find that you ve completed a quota-on from some published ork. If read up and own, the letters in the iagram have no meana . . . Black squares dicate ends of words; there is no black square t the right side of the iagram, the word carries er to the next line . . . hen all the WORDS re filled in, their initial tters spell the name of he author and the title f the piece from which he quotation has been ken. Of great help to he solver are this acrostic eature and the relative hapes of words in the iagram as they develop. Authority for spellings nd definitions is Webter's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 J	2 F	3 T		4 W	5 M	6 C	7 H	8 R	9 T	10 L		11 L	12 G	13 T
	14 R	15 U	16 J	17 K	18 X		19 E	20 R	21 G	22 F		23 T	24 M		25 K	26 U	27 R
28 X	29 B	30 Q		31 T	32 E	33 H	34 J	35 W	36 R	37 P	38 A		39 R	40 P	41 X		42 I
43 V	44 H		45 J	46 I	47 Q		48 C	49 I	50 M	51 J	52 H	53 T		54 I	55 U		56 S
57 R	58 T	59 M	60 V	61 F		62 S	63 N	64 K		65 A	66 W	67 X	68 D	69 N	70 K		71 A
	72 A	73 X	74 D	75 H	76 I		77 X	78 P	79 G	80 D		81 F	82 O	83 M		84 B	
85 S	86 V	87 I	88 T		89 A	90 K	91 T		92 P	93 C	94 O	95 G		96 R	97 F	98 O	
99 B	100 V	101 J	102 D		103 S	104 G		105 P	106 M	107 G		108 L	109 B	110 F	111 E	112 N	113 V
114 C	115 J	116 H		117 V	118 P	119 U	120 T	121 A		122 U	123 H		124 C	125 L	126 U		127 R
128 Q	129 J	130 N		131 X	132 I	133 F	134 C		135 X	136 E	137 B		138 G	139 A		140 A	141 C
142 O	143 E		144 V	145 L	146 P		147 S	148 R	149 E	150 P		151 R	152 W	153 M		154 W	155 J
156 Q	157 X	158 V	159 R	160 G		161 O	162 B	163 H		164 T	165 K	166 F	167 O		168 X	169 P	170 M
171 W	172 O	173 N	174 L		175 P	176 S	177 Q	178 L	179 G	180 F	181 W		182 N	183 W		184 D	185 K
	186 N	187 O	188 E		189 N	190 O		191 U	192 V	193 J	194 E	195 H	196 L	197 T			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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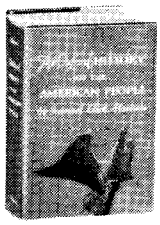
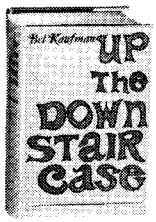


234. THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE *by* SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON
Illustrated. (Retail price $12.50)



203. UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE *by* BEL KAUFMAN
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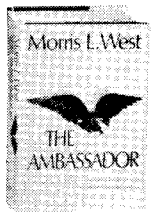

205. THE AMBASSADOR *by* MORRIS L. WEST
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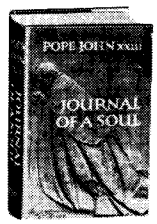
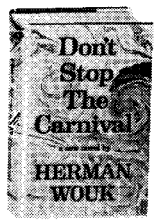


206. JOURNAL OF A SOUL *by* POPE JOHN XXIII
Illustrated. (Retail price $7.95)



199. DON'T STOP THE CARNIVAL *by* HERMAN WOUK
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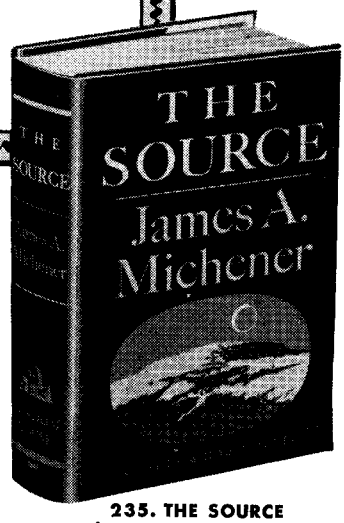

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